The Convict Ship and the Movie Star

MOVIE WEEKLY

August 6, 1921

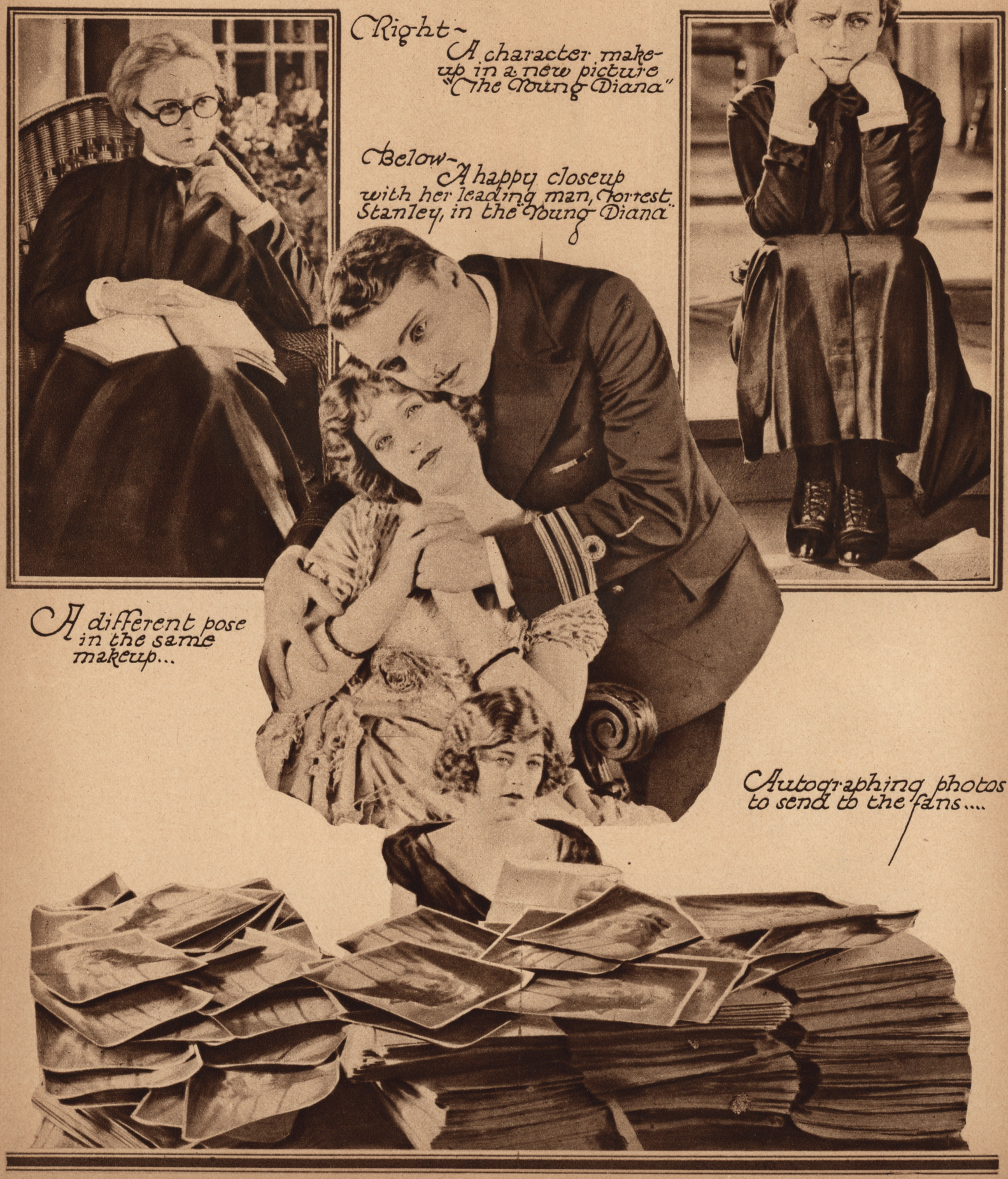
Price 10¢

Do Men Like Bobbed Hair?

Summering with Irene Castle

Harriet Hammond

Marion Davies
wise and otherwise



Right~ A character make-up in a new picture "The Young Diana"

Below~ A happy closeup with her leading man, Forrest Stanley, in the "Young Diana"

A different pose in the same makeup...

Autographing photos to send to the fans....

Volume 1
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MOVIE WEEKLY

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AUGUST 6, 1921

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A Wife's Awakening

ROBERTSON-COLE FILM

From the Story by Jack Cunningham
Screen Version by Harvey Thew

CAST

Florence Otis	*Fritzi Brunette*
George Otis	*Sam De Grasse*
Grace Bodair	*Beverly Travers*
John Howard	*William P. Carleton*
Edyth Kelcy	*Edythe Chapman*

THE apartment of Mrs. Edyth Kelcy reflected her personality. Correct, handsome, in good taste, not given to superficial prettiness nor to unnecessary frills. A solid background of commonsense, pleasantly tempered with a sense of beauty and also of humor. The kitchen was small but undisguised. Honest-to-goodness meals could be, and were, cooked in it. The library walls bore two or three good paintings and a piece of rare tapestry. Its shelves held a cosmopolitan crowd of the world's best books. Their covers showed that they had been read and Mrs. Kelcy's face showed that they had been digested.

Twenty-three years before this story opens, Mrs. Kelcy had been given five years of a marriage that was as near perfect as anything can be in this imperfect world. The accident that left her at the end of this period a widow with a comfortable income and a two-year-old daughter did not permanently embitter her. It only made her see life as it is, a thing of definite days and uncertain to-morrows; a treasure neither to be recklessly wasted nor unduly economized.

The daughter, Florence was twenty-two years old now, which made her mother as close to fifty as any sensible woman gets nowadays. The girl resembled her mother in her clear, vivid coloring, her dark hair, her beautifully modeled figure and grace of carriage. Yet in all these resemblances there was a difference. The mother's coloring was deep crimson and clear, cold ivory; the daughter's like wild rose petals dropped softly on a cloud of misty gauze. The mother's hair was highly burnished and symmetrically waved; the daughter's was a rippling mass with the sheen of fine spun silk in the sunshine but a leaf-brown quietness in the shadow. The mother possessed the poise and assurance of a prize tulip; the daughter had the delicate dignity of a jonquil.

"Your daughter looks very like you," strangers said when they were introduced to the pair.

"Yes, and we are alike in disposition as in looks," Edyth Kelcy would answer lightly. Unless the new acquaintances developed into real friends they never caught the underlying truth of that statement. In their mental as in their physical characteristics there was a decided shading of difference. The girl's optimism was spontaneous, the mother's determined. The girl had faith in the world's goodness of her lack of knowledge, the mother in spite of it. The girl carried dreams in her eyes and expected them to come true; the mother's eyes had dreams, too—and trusted that not *all* of them would fail her. The girl laughed *with* her friends; her mother, as they suspected uneasily, often laughed *at* them!

"Florence Kelcy adores her mother. She is completely dominated by her," were common remarks in their circle of friends. Only the first statement was true. The girl was affectionate, sweet-tempered, prettily deferent always. Yet underneath it all was the streak of obstinacy so often found in what we call gentle natures. Up to a certain point she was all reasonableness, all sunniness, all winsome docility. Pass that point and you came to an adamantine wall in which your missiles of eloquence, logic wrath or affection made never a dent. Florence had been only two years old when her wise mother learned to avoid the direct conflict.

"I don't want a child with a broken will," she said, with a characteristic shrug. "Nine times out of ten she gives in sweetly. And that's as good an average as one can expect. On the tenth time I shall let her have her own little way, if she insists, and take the consequences."

She had stuck to her decision, seeing on one of the "tenth times" Florence's rose-wreathed leghorn hat, dearer to her six-year old heart than all the rest of her wardrobe, utterly ruined in a sudden shower; on another, a wonderful vacation spoiled because the girl on an advised-again excursion caught measles. Here, and there, through the twenty-two years these milestones stood out. Sometimes, as the mother frankly acknowledged, the girl's own judgment had been vindicated. And never had any irreparable damage been done. But *now*. . . .

But upstairs the "lucky woman" was huddled on a couch, sobbing her heart out.

IT'S well enough to let a child tease a pet kitten and take the consequences of a scratched finger. But when it comes to trifling with a man-eating tiger, the lesson to be learned may be tremendous, but there'll be no child left to profit by it!

And to the wise vision of Edyth Kelcy, George Otis certainly looked like a girl-eating tiger. To the dream-filed eyes of Florence he looked like the Wonderful One for whom she had been waiting since the days of fairy books. And when any question of his desirability came up Florence's face took on the look her mother dreaded, the sweet, wistful eyes grieving above the tender mouth and chin as they settled into absolutely inflexible lines. So had her father's eyes grieved while his jaw settled into that firm mould. Panic stricken within but composed without, the mother returned again and again to the task, patiently.

"Dearest, I love you. I want you to be happy. And that man will *not* make you happy. He isn't true, dear. He's shifty. He's selfish. He's unscrupulous. He cannot even give a straightforward answer about his business connections. What do we really know about him?"

"I know that I love him, mother. I don't care what his business is, nor his family, nor his connections."

"You don't care whether he makes his money honestly? You don't care if there is some awful stain for your children to inherit? You don't care how many other women there have been, or are, or may be?"

"I care, yes. But that doesn't make any difference in my loving him. And I don't believe he's bad! He loves me."

"If he loved you as a man should, he would come to your mother with a straightforward account of himself. He would have asked my consent to court you. He would ask my approval of your marriage."

"You didn't like him from the first. We both knew it. He knew it would do no good to ask. I'm *sorry*, mother! But I'm going to marry him."

Does he know you have absolutely nothing but five thousand dollars in bonds? Does he understand that I will not contribute anything to the upkeep of your married establishment?"

"We have never discussed money, mother!" The superb scorn of the young voice!

"Well, he'll discuss it a bit with me," said the mother grimly. But he didn't. Because he married Florence that very afternoon, sweeping her away on a flood of romantic eloquence. And after that there was no use talking. Edyth Kelcy shut her lips together, gave the young people a calm and friendly reception, turned over to Florence the few pieces of Kelcy jewelry and her five thousand in bonds, looked on interestedly at the elaborate establishment they set up, and showed in every way her readiness to be convinced that she had been mistaken in George Otis.

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IT was two weeks after the marriage that the agitated voice of Mrs. George Otis came over the wire to her mother.

"Mother, I am at Lacy's. They won't let me charge anything to your account!"

"Well, why should they? The voice was calmly reasonable.

"But, *mother!* I always *have!* They know me."

"They knew you when you were Miss Florence Kelcy. Now that you are Mrs. George Otis, you naturally charge things to your husband, don't you see?"

"But we have no account at Lacey's."

"You can get one. Simply go up to the office of accounts and give your husband's name, and his business references."

"But I don't know about the references. How do I know whom to give?"

"Telephone to George's office and ask him."

"But it will take so much time. Couldn't I just charge things to you and then give you George's check?"

"No. You must consult your husband, dear. If George wants you to have a charge account, all right. Many business men don't approve of charging things."

"Oh, but I know George doesn't care. Why, we charged practically *everything* we put in the house."

"Well, have these things sent home C. O. D., and then ask George about starting an account. My doorbell's ringing. Goodbye, dear."

But when Mrs. Kelcy had hung up the receiver she did not rush to the door. Instead she sat for several minutes, staring into space, frowning a little.

"So he charged 'practically everything' did he?" she mused. "Poor Florence. Well, I'll sink no money in the well of her unhappiness. I'll save it for the time when she comes back to me."

CHAPTER II.

"Who's coming tonight?"

"Oh, the usual crowd I think. Jove, Grace but you look stunning. That blue lining in your coat certainly sets off your eyes."

"Is that your method of making me forget that you promised me a fur one?" laughed the woman softly. George Otis frowned and looked around guiltily. They were in a small coat room that opened off the reception hall of the house where Otis had established a home for his bride. It was a rather showy place. Tonight the rooms were half filled with guests with more arriving at intervals. They came in laughing, making themselves very much at home. No one was paying the least attention to the host lingering in the background with the strikingly handsome blonde women.

"Don't, Grace!" he protested. "You never know who may be within earshot. And my respected mother-in-law is here tonight."

Does she fight with you, George?"

"She does not! She's far too brainy for that. Never in her life said a discourteous word to me. Comes here just often enough to keep in touch with us. Invites us to dinner once a fortnight. Never criticizes anything I do. If Florence asks her for anything she says sweetly 'You should go to George with all that sort of thing dear!' Cut Florence off from all her charge accounts when she married me and did it so cleverly that there wasn't a thing in the world for us to feel hurt about. But she doesn't trust me—not for one little minute! And I never can figure out how much she knows."

"You mean about us?" asked the woman. Again the man frowned and glanced around.

"No, I don't mean about *us*, particularly. Just everything. Sometimes I think she knows that nothing in this house is paid for, that my bills are mountain high and that I'm close to a smash. But how *could* she be so cool and polite and unperturbed if she knew all that?"

"Does all that mean I don't get my coat?" A note of hardness almost of menace, had crept into the woman's voice. "You're treating me just like a husband! Talking about debts and bills whenever I want anything."

"Don't worry, Grace." Hastily, a note of panic in his voice, he reassured her. "You're going to get the coat all right, and it will be worth waiting for. Not that you'll have to wait much longer. I've got a man here tonight who's going to make me a loan that will tide things over. Yes, honest," as he saw her slightly cynical smile, "he's examined my securities this afternoon. If he wasn't going to say yes he'd hardly have come here tonight, he'd have waited and telephoned me in the morning. He's over there by the piano. Howard's his name —John Howard. Doesn't he look like ready money?"

"Yes. He also looks like brains," drawled Grace, sizing up the man critically. "There's something in his face—he has a sorrow in his life that he isn't talking about, but it's *there!*"

"You women are the limit! Never happy until you fix up some deeply buried romance. Come on over and be introduced. You can patch up his broken heart."

"Where's Florence? Isn't she appearing tonight?"

"Of course. She's around somewhere. I hadn't missed her."

Only a heightened color in her cheeks and a veiled wistfulness in her eyes told of the storm that had passed.

YOU ought to be ashamed to admit it," she rebuked, but her eyes contradicted her words. "Married less than a year, and not missing your wife!"

"How could I remember anyone else when you are here?" he whispered boldly, but this time it was the woman who said "hush!" She slipped her hand in his arm and crossed the room with him. Everyone welcomed her as one they expected as a matter of course to see there. To them she was Grace Bodair, dearest friend of their hostess.

Otis presented John Howard to her and turned away, well content to leave them talking together. Grace could be trusted to drop a word or two which would further his cause with Howard. As his eyes roamed over the rooms looking for his wife, two or three women came fluttering up to him.

WHERE have you hidden Mrs. Otis?" asked the plumpest, most bejewelled one, tapping his arm with an elaborate feather fan. "We haven't seen her this evening!"

"*Dear* Mrs. Otis!" chirped the thin, wiry one with the nodding aigrettes. "No doubt she is preparing one of her delightful surprises. Everything she does is so lovely!"

"Your taste like mine is excellent," smiled Otis. "That's why I'm looking for my lovely wife. I shall return, bringing her."

"Isn't he the most devoted thing!" sighed the plump one, casting a ravishing glance after Otis as he went up the open stairway. "Mrs. Otis is a lucky woman!"

But upstairs the "lucky woman" was huddled on a couch sobbing her heart out!

As her husband entered, she looked up at him appealingly, trying to smother her sobes and answer his stern, "Well, what is it now! Why aren't you downstairs?"

"I just couldn't," she begged. "I was ready, but somehow it all swept over me how foolish and wicked everything is! It's all a sham! Everything down there is a sham. And we are the biggest sham of all!"

"Now look here," he began, in a carefully soothing tone, "you're nervous and overwrought, tonight. But I know you will brace up for my sake, sweetheart. You don't want to ruin me, do you? Why, I want my wife at her very brightest and best this evening. I have a man downstairs who is about to give me a loan to tide me over this business depression. If everything is gay, prosperous and carefree he will have confidence in my business standing, don't you see? If he suspects anything wrong he will get wary and back down. So be my brace little wife and come down and be the brilliant hostess you can be when you try. And I wish you'd put the new frock on, won't you.

"I was saving it for Grace's party, but, of course, I'll wear it if you want me to. I can change in half a minute."

Her tears were dry now and she began to unclasp the gown she wore while Otis brought from a closet a lovely creation of silver cloth and rose brocade. Artfully he flattered and caressed her until the sob was gone, and her trembling was all stilled. She was one of the few women who can emerge from a storm of tears looking beautiful. Now, as she paused on the landing, looking down at the brilliantly decorated rooms below, she looked as sweet and radiant as a school girl, going down to her first grown-up party. Only a heightened color in her cheeks and a veiled wistfulnss in her eyes told of the storm that has passed. Her husband, waiting in the back-ground, smiled with satisfaction.

"Good girl!" he applauded softly. "Be sure you're nice to Howard. Everything's going to be all right!"

"I'll try!" she promised. The worshipful look that she threw back to him before she went slowly downstairs showed that all she knew of his false pretense and trickery had not killed her love.

Downstairs they greeted her with enthusiasm as she made her way past various groups to the spot where Grace Bodair set talking with John Howard. Both of them rose at the approach of Florence and Grace slipped her arm affectionately about her.

"How lovely you look, dear. I was so afraid you had one of your headaches. You don't know Mr. Howard, do you? Well, let me present Mr. Howard, whose acquaintance I have been busily making for the last half hour. We're quite old and intimate friends now. Mr. Howard, we two were inseparable before George Otis was mean enough to steal my chum away from me."

"She's not exactly shut out of my life now," laughed Florence, giving her hand to Howard and blushing a little as his dark eyes scanned her gravely. There was something in that steady, almost critical

(*Continued on page* 30)

If You Want to Break Into the Movies —Don't bob your hair!!

Some advice by — Thomas Meighan Paramount Star...

THE editor of the "Movie Weekly" tells me that he is running a contest, the winner of which will be rewarded with an opportunity in the movies. With this in mind he has asked me to give some advice about acting before the motion picture camera.

Almost everybody has at some time or other felt the urge to act in pictures. Many are called, but few are chosen. However, thousands of ordinary people are earning good money in the picture game, and perhaps you can too. Experience in acting is not absolutely essential. If a man is handsome or a woman beautiful, it helps very much. If you are not physically attractive, your chance is in character roles. Brains and that indefinable something called "personality" are big assets.

But I'm wandering off the subject.

I can't tell a beginner how to act in front of the camera, because each role must be acted differently, and two-thirds of the things I might say wouldn't help you a bit. It would be much easier for me to list some things that you *shouldn't* do before the camera.

Here, then are my pet Don'ts:

If you're a girl, don't bob your hair. In your first picture, the director might tell you to let your hair hang down your back. It's often done. Then where would you be?

Don't think just because you are considered pretty or have a fine muscular development or can dance well or recite or sing, that you must necessarily be adapted to the screen. Remember this is the silent drama. A voice is of absolutely no value to you whatever.

Let us suppose you have an extra part in a picture:

Don't ever look into the camera. If you do you will find yourself immediately subject to a call-down or removal from the cast.

Don't try to make up yourself. Let someone with knowledge of the screen help you. The makeup is entirely different than that of the stage or—the street.

Don't talk too much among the others. The screen world is well supplied with gossips and tale bearers. So don't criticise the director, the star, the other players, the sets, the costumes, the story or the studio.

Don't expect to have pages of publicity until you have earned the right to expect it.

Don't be afraid to ask questions—that's one way to learn. Another way, is to watch everything. You'll learn how not to act and also how to act.

Make friends with the ones who count.

Don't dissipate; get sleep and rest; study a lot—read worth-while literature.

If there is someone playing a small part who is about your type, study their work carefully; you may get a chance to fill in in the event of emergency and take a big step forward.

Don't be impatient. Don't think you are badly treated if you aren't handed a part in a few weeks, or even months. It takes time to make a real actor—time and study and concentration.

Don't get the mistaken idea that screen acting means principally having a good time after the day's work is ended. Most successful screen folk are pretty regular in their habits. The camera shows every fault. A new wrinkle, may put you out of the running.

Don't neglect to study yourself and learn your defects as well as your good points. Then rid yourself of the one, if you can, and develop the other.

These extras broke into the "Great Moment" because they had long unbobbed hair...

Below—Ann Forrest has long pretty hair playing "The Great Impersonation"

If Agnes Ayres had bobbed her hair she never could have played in this scene.

Eugene O'Brien Takes a Trip

Exclusive story and pictures to Movie Weekly

by Billie Blenton

MOORED to the 130th Street pier, the Convict Ship "Success" rocked peacefully to every influx of the tide caused by the passing of the ferryboats, the boat to Albany, to Poughkeepsie, and elsewhere.

It was nine thirty. The invitation extended to sightseers to come aboard the good ship "Success" for a stipulated entrance fee met no interested eye. 'Twas too early.

Shortly before this hour, Eugene O'Brien, a Selznick photographer, and ye interviewer clambored into a machine and chugged up to the 130th Street pier. The emptiness of the street was a good omen. We had pictures to take aboard the "Success" and the absence of a crowd meant speeding up the work ahead.

UP THE GANGPLANK

Up the gangplank, only to stop to return and stare at the sides of the scarred and gray splintered old boat. Huge arrows lined each side. Stowing this bit of oddity away in our head, we dashed up the gangplank to arrive on board with 'Gene and the photographer.

It was a breath taking sight that met our respective eyes. There were the decks,—rough, marred by time and heavy wear; there were villainous looking, torture inflicting irons for feet, body, and arms, hanging on all sides of the deck; there was a sail, half lowered with a number of broad arrows on it. About everything there emanated the weariness and numbness of the suffering and misery that was the lot of the unfortunate convicts doomed to years of living hell aboard the ironically named ship: "Success."

'Gene gazed about him curiously. The photographer held converse with the First Mate, and, in due course, preparations were in order to take the first picture of the series that accompanies this story of Mr. O'Brien's trip to the Convict Ship.

The four sailor-guides of the boat eyed 'Gene from a distance with admiration shining from their eyes. He was evidently one of their favorite stars.

The clear azure of a serene sky contrasted strangely with the spirit of the "Success." Fleecy clouds swam slowly on high, dissolving lazily into incongruous figures and shapes such as Merlin would have gloated over as an exhibition of his own mighty magic! The boat to Albany moved majestically out into the river, a band flaring forth with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and the many passengers aboard waving goodbye to friends and strangers alike standing on the pier.

'Gene sauntered toward us. "This is great, don't you think?" gazing about to take in the entire ship. "Jove, just think of the life of those poor devils on this boat! Well, there's one thing sure. Our outbursts of justice have evolved into something that is at least superior to early nineteenth century methods."

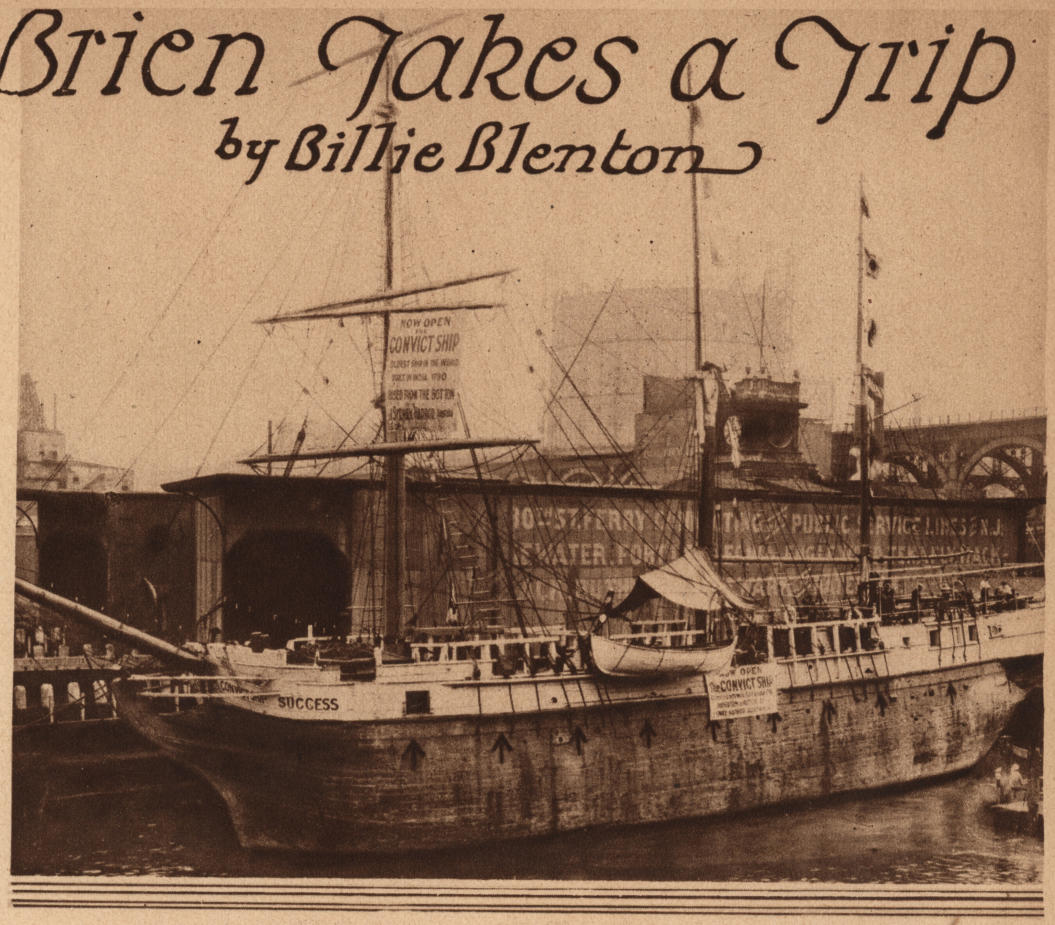
A sailor guide standing nearby took occasion to step forward and eagerly volunteer information pertinent to 'Gene's last remark.

THE REASON FOR THE SHIP

"That is the reason for this Convict ship," speaking rapidly, "as an educational force, as a living sign-mark of the progression and civilization of the human race. It has been through the mute accusation of the 'Success' and her awful record of oppression, cruelty, and death that much of whatever change we have experienced has been brought about. In reminding man of what he once countenanced and suffered in the name of law and justice, it now serves the noble purpose of arousing a public conscience to the realization that even in this twentieth century the forms of justice and the conduct of persons may be improved. It brought home this lesson to other countries and it is now pointing out the lesson in the United States, whose correctional institutions lead the world."

'Gene didn't exactly agree to all this. "Personally, I'm very much interested in prison reform. I've been down to Blackwell's Island a number of times. Conditions there are horrible, to say the least—at any rate, for a majority of those who have been confined for petty offenses. But tell me something about this ship," concisely changing the subject.

The guide beamed his pleasure, and as 'Gene was photographed at various angles and with various instruments, the guide continued his narrative of the history of the "Success."



The Convict Ship moored to its pier at 130th Street

Looking at some of the loathsome instruments of torture used on prisoners aboard the Convict Ship during the early part of the 19th century.

'Gene gets an idea how the "Iron Maiden" works. This is an ancient method of the Third Degree.

Aboard the Convict Ship "Success"

ABOVE—*Showing 'Gene how the prisoners were branded on the palms of their hands with the broad arrow which signified British possession, and were also to be seen on the convicts' clothes, on the sides of the ship and on the sails.*

AT RIGHT—*The torturous iron straight jacket and how it was clamped onto the body.*

BELOW—*The Compulsory Bath, which was filled with briny water. Here it was that prisoners who had been flogged were thrown, the salt water eating cruelly into their torn and bleeding backs.*

ITS HISTORY

"This ship, the oldest afloat in the world, was built in 1790 at Moulmein, in British India. It is the only remaining survivor of England's fleet of felon transports. It survives by a fluke of luck, or a clerical error, for in 1880, about, all the prison hulks were ordered to be sold on the express condition that they were to be broken up, and their associations lost to the recollection of the people of Australia. By a clerical error, however, that condition did not appear upon the terms of sale of the 'Success.' Hence, she remains the only British convict ship afloat on the seven seas."

"George, that's interesting!" ejaculated 'Gene.

"Will you just slip into one of those iron straight jackets?" cut in the photographer.

Cheerfully 'Gene rid himself of coat and vest and with the aid of the sailor-guide fitted the straight jacket onto himself. He murmured at the weight.

"Does it hurt?" the guide was all worried solicitude.

'Gene craned his neck for a better position within the cruel iron clutch of the heinous instrument of torture. "Not now. How long did they keep prisoners in these things?"

"Anywhere from one to a hundred hours. This is another of Captain John Price's fiendish inventions. Captain Price was in command of the 'Success' at the time of the prisoners' mutiny in 1857, when he was killed."

"The ship wasn't a convict ship originally, was it?" 'Gene asked.

"No. Originally it was built and used as an armed merchant-man by the East India company with brass guns bristling from her sides and fitted handsomely for the reception aboard of princess, nabobs, and the wealthy traders of the Orient, whose spices, aromatic teas, ivories, jewels and other costly luxuries she carried over the seven seas to the ends of the earth.

MORE HISTORY

"It was in 1802 that the British chartered her to transport to Australia the overflow of the home jails, the unfortunates who at that time were sentenced to from seven years to life for offenses that would now be considered trivial and petty, warranting only a small fine. There are many recorded instances of women and children being sent into transportation for the theft of a two-penny pork pie or a square of bleached linen!

"The 'Success' engaged in this loathsome trade for forty-nine years, and in 1851 she was permanently stationed as a receiving prison in Hobson's Bay, Australia. In 1857 there was a mutiny aboard ship, and Captain John Price was killed. This uprising brought the ship and its medieaval torture methods before the public eye and so aroused the wrath of Australians that the felon prison ship was abandoned. For some years later—from 1860 to 1868—the 'Success' was used as a woman's prison, then she became successively a reformatory ship and ammunition store, until later, when all the prison hulks were ordered to be sold and destroyed.

"Then it was that through a clerical error the ship escaped being destroyed. In 1885 the old ship was scuttled and sunk in Sydney harbor. She was later, at enormous expense, raised, to be exhibited to the present generation as an educational object lesson and a vivid reminder of an almost forgotten period of penal history."

'Gene drew his hand over his eyes as though the story and its signification was a gibbering horror. There was no time, however, for further discussion on the upper deck. The business-like photographer was already descending the dangerously steep stairway leading to the deck and the cells below.

These cells were strong and gloomy, constructed on the 'tween the lower decks, and in these were confined the unfortunates who experienced to the full the punishment consequent upon crime.

THE PRISONERS

We peered into the hideous cell marked the "Black Hole." About two feet from the door the floo assumed a horizontal slant. Here it was that s called insubordinate prisoners were confined in total darkness, chained to ring-bolts, for periods of one to fifty days. On the floor of these cells were depressions worn in the floor by the feet of the prisoners while bracing themselves again the rocking of the ship. The old records show that many unfortunate men went insane here.

At one end of the deck was the prison chapel, where prisoners were rewarded for good behavio

(*Continued on page 27*)

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Norma Talmadge's Next Picture

NORMA TALMADGE begins work shortly on her next picture, entitled "Smilin' Through," in which Jane Cowl made such a country-wide success in her tour from sea coast to sea coast.

Herbert Brenon, who has directed Norma in her past few pictures, will not handle the megaphone for this production, according to word from the Talmadge offices. Sydney Franklin will be in charge of this end. Mr. Brenon's next Talmadge picture will probably be the "Garden of Allah," the exteriors of which he plans to make in the original Garden of Allah vicinity in Algiers.

* * * * *

Did You Know?

That there was a colored motion picture company that for the past few years has been making pictures at one of the studios in Fort Lee, N. J., commandeered and financed by Oscar Michzaux and billed as Michzaux Productions? At the present time he is completing a new picture, which is serious in theme and development. No company with which most of "us fans" are familiar releases these pictures. Michzaux is also in charge of this end.

* * * * *

Mae Marsh in Country

Mae Marsh is enjoying the pleasures of country life along with her baby daughter and her husband, Louis Lee Arms, prior to beginning rehearsals for her first play, "Brittle," scheduled to go into rehearsal in the early fall.

In the meantime, another member of the Marsh family has just completed work on a new picture. He is Oliver Marsh, cameraman for the first independent Mae Murray-Robert Leonard production, "Peacock Alley."

* * * * *

A New Find

A new motion picture find trips lightly from a two years' sojourn with the Ziegfield Midnight Follies to the ingenue lead in a new Fox special which has just gone into production under the captaincy of Director J. Searle Dawley. She is Peggy Shaw. According to reports about Miss Shaw, the lady is as attractive a morsel of fluffy humanity as ever graced the glassy floor of a Ziegfield roof.

She will have ample opportunity to display the motion picture ability that she displayed in minor parts in "Retribution" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

* * * * *

Bobby Agnew Engaged

Bobby Agnew, the youthful actor who, it was falsely rumored a short time ago, was engaged to marry May McAvoy, has been engaged to play opposite Miss Shaw in the new Fox special. You probably remember Bobby in "The Passion Flower" and "The Sign On the Door," among his most recent appearances.

* * * * *

Roger Lytton, Hail!

ROGER LYTTON, hated villain of old Vitagraph pictures, is another member of the new J. Searle Dawley picture. Lytton has a character part which will give him plenty of scenes wherein to win the laurels he makes a habit of garnering in the picture he appears in.

* * * * *

Mollie King Vacationing

Mollie King is vacationing at her summer home in Long Island, following a strenuous year in pictures, vaudeville, and on the legitimate. She is also finding all the time she wants to devote to her baby. You knew that in private life Mollie was Mrs. Alexander, didn't you?

Dick Barthelmess greets his wife, Mary Hay, upon his return from "location"

Marion Davies in Final Scenes

The final scenes in the new Marion Davies picture, "The Young Diana," were completed in one atrociously hot set that shot the old thermometer up around 103 degrees Fahrenheit, ironically at variance with the set itself, which was supposed to be an ice scene in the mountains of Switzerland!

There was a lobby to the fashionable hotel, bordering which was the out-door skating rink! Now, we ask you, what could be more ironical?

The large set swarmed with men and women, attired in *heavy fur coats*, as befitted the well-to-do winter resorters. And how each and all were sweltering! Caesar's ghost, they were doing a Niagara Falls, from the forehead to the chin, and for fear less the makeup be smeared off if they rubbed too hard, they jabbed very gingerly at countenances that were miserable until the director called for the scene. These were the folks in the hotel.

Norka Rouskaya, premier danseuse, who, it is rumored, will soon appear in an all-star feature

On the Skating Rink!

Looking through the generous doorway and window, one saw the skating rink. A number of men and women, attired in heavy skating costumes, commenced to move with joy and abandon when the director called: "Action!" But they were a dreary looking lot in repose.

The ice was a chemical mixture concocted in the studio workshop, a peculiar, brittle substance that enabled the skaters to fly around. The Rambler was informed that the champion skater of the world, Bob Maclean, performed the previous day on the chemically made ice, which was, said the informant, in much better condition then.

* * * * *

Off With the Coat!

Forrest Stanley and Gypsy O'Brien were doing a "worried scene" together in the lobby of the hotel. Both wore coats that must have weighed fifteen pounds and then some. Every time the action was over, Forrest yanked off his fur coat, his suit coat and his vest. Gypsy O'Brien speedily divested herself of the fur coat and fur hat and gasped feebly for air.

The various extras followed suit—except the helpless skaters, who found it impossible to remove the slip-over sweater every few minutes.

* * * * *

Director Capellani's Ice Pack

THE Rambler discovered that Director Capellani preserved some semblance of a normal temperature by means of an ice bandage around his wrists, the ice, lightly enveloped in gauze, resting on the artery in each wrist.

"This is a hospital custom," Capellani informed us, "and it serves the same purpose here in the studio."

But it kept the propmen busy bringing in ice!

* * * * *

Enter, Marion!

Marion Davies entered at this moment, clad in a cool lingerie wrap. Her scene, in which she wears a stunning skating costume and looks more beautiful than usual, wasn't scheduled for about an hour yet. Greetings and salutations and a short chat before she left the set to go to her dressing room, where we joined her later with Director Capellani, Forrest Stanley, and several others.

* * * * *

An Announcement

The Rambler just learned that Marion Davies has signed a brand new five-year contract with International. Her next picture may be "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the story she has always longed to produce. So there is one more rumor discarded into the ash heap! And there is one more "rumor writer" made disconsolate and rebellious by reason of his or her inability to prognosticate.

Is it Worth the Cost?

Recollections of Betty Compson

By Herself

(*Concluded*)

AFTER a time the World Film Corporation offered me an engagement but while I worked in pictures for them I decided to stick to freelancing for a time, since I did not wish at that juncture to be tied up by a long term contract.

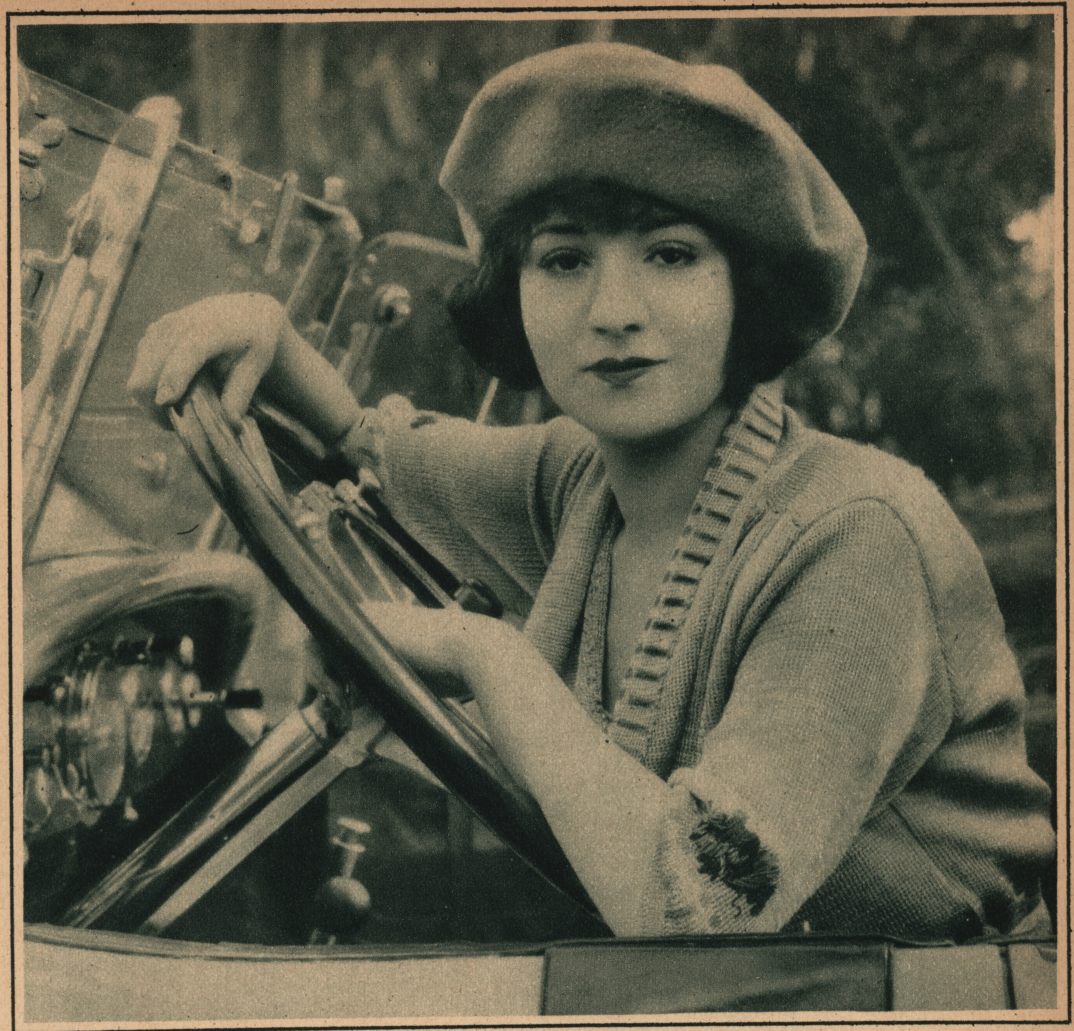
I went to Universal to play in a picture called "The Light of Victory" with Monroe Salsbury. I did a comedy with William Desmond and for Robertson-Cole I made a picture with Hesse D. Hampton productions.

These were all useful engagements. I was learning constantly and widening my scope, becoming acquainted and establishing some sort of reputation for conscientious work. And then, like a dispensation, came—"The Miracle Man."

I am sure that neither Mr. Tucker nor I, nor anyone else, even Thomas Meighan, realized what was to result from this picture. It looked like an excellent story, somewhat out of the beaten path, in fact an innovation. There was no assurance as to how the public would accept it. Is there ever?

Producers make pictures, stars and others enact them, directors direct them, authors write them—and can they ever be certain in advance just what

Betty trying to look matured



Betty driving her latest automobile in Hollywood

their fate will be at the hands of the people? The *vox populi!* That is the arbiter of our destinies. Were it otherwise, the producers would all be wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice and there would never be a failure.

We made "The Miracle Man"—it grew and grew. It was to be a Paramount release—We were all waiting, I am certin, with a great deal of interest to see what would happen when it was given to the public. And then came the whirlwind!

NOT for years had there been such a success. It went like wild-fire. The reports were super excellent, hardly a dissenting voice anywhere. There were many imitators, it started a new vogue and even pictures that were in no way imitations were so labeled by some thoughtless critics who could not see beyond "The Miracle Man." It was a good picture—I have no hesitation in saying so. It had a fine cast and I don't think any of those portrayed the various roles ever did better work. Possibly it cast a spell upon us, for we were all imbued with the beauty of the theme, and veritably lived our parts.

Offers? They came like snowflakes. I never received so many wires in my life. I was literally swept off my feet. I have a collection of these offers that would fill a large scrap book. Was I undecided? Well, for a time, yes. I had to do a lot of thinking to avoid making a mistake. Many offers that looked good on the surface might not prove so satisfactory—and I did *so* want to keep the advantage I had gained. It wasn't a mercenary matter with me, but I had worked hard and felt that I had every right to make the most of opportunity, which they say knocks but once.

I finally made arrangements to produce my own pictures at Bruntons, as an "artist-producer." I think I am the only girl who has actually had such complete control of her work. Three pictures were made—one has been released thus far.

Oh, I must not forget that before we made "The Miracle Man," I had also worked in "Ladies Must Live" with Mr. Tucker. That production is still to be released by Paramount—I think it will be out soon.

After the three productions "on my own," a different arrangement was made and later I found myself again free.

Then the thought came to me—not that it had not always been with me, but it now struck me even more forcibly—*why not be with the best?*

And I received a wire from Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky, asking me to come to New York. I did so—the contract was signed the day I arrived.

I was a Paramount star! I don't know—but it seems to me that (in this profession) is about the apex of one's ambitions. I know I have never ceased being happy over the fact.

I was sent to Hollywood—to the Lasky Studio, where I completed my first picture, "At the End of the World" under the direction of Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous artist who has turned his genius to pictures that move. He is a wonderful man—and so delightful in every way. It has been a joy to work with him. And I can't say enough good things about the company—I mean the cast and the staff and everyone. Also the studio is so nice to work in. Everybody seems to have a pleasant smile and things run on well-greased bearings!

My next picture will be "The Woman in the Case," the play by Clyde Fitch, you know. I am to start on it very soon and Mr. Stanlaws will again be my director.

THAT'S my story. It isn't so very exciting, it is, after all? But I haven't elaborated—I've tried to tell the truth. Now to conclude—I know so many girls will be looking for advice about the work. Well—if you have talent and opportunity, the profession of screen acting is a good one. There are many hard paths to travel—lots of disappointments. But the compensations, when they do come, are wonderful. I only counsel using one's head and being industrious. You cannot hope to succeed unless you are willing to work—work—work!

Don't worry about the foolish stories you hear or read concerning the "terrible lives" of the picture folk. That is all nonsense. There are some who are bad—as in any other walk of life. The vast majority are hard working, honest people, who have little time for foolishness. And, as I say, develop your own individuality—be you girl or boy. Don't be satisfied with a personality borrowed from someone or inherited. Make your own way, carve your own future, be yourselves, be original, be human!

And above all—persevere. Don't get discouraged. Discouragement is the devil's sharpest weapon.

I am happy—happiness is what we all want, isn't it?—and I am happiest when I am at work. Inactivity with me is equivalent to stagnation. For play—give me the outdoors, my car, or horse, and the wonderful open country of the west. These things make life worth while.

From the Kitchen Table to Dramatic Stage

Romance of Vera Gordon

By Herself

IN the very first sentence I want to refute the current accusation that I am anywhere between forty-five and fifty. In the very second sentence I want to say that having been born on June 11, 1886 in Ekaterinoslaff, Russia, which is in southern Russia, I can't possible, even by the grossest exaggeration, be more than thirty-five.

From earliest childhood I was interested in things theatrical. My parents never sponsored this interest. If anything, they endeavored to dissipate it. But my theatrical ambitions in no wise interfered with assisting my mother to care for the house and other members of the family, domestic traits which have always been characteristic of me. I can do anything from laundrying to making beds to cooking to washing dishes to sewing for the children, to . . . well, anything pertaining to the home and what keeps a home running.

My father objected so to my going on the professional stage that my only alternative was being an active member of what you call here in America an amateur club. It was really my stock experience. Our productions were serious, the staging of plays by Russia's foremost writers—and these writers are not farce and comedy writers. There were plays by Tolstoi, Gorki, Dostoeivsky, Andrew and others.

Vera Gordon—in the title role of Madame X

MARRIED AT 18

I married Mr. Gordon in 1904, at the age of eighteen. Mr. Gordon was not an actor and was not especially interested in this profession. But he didn't disapprove my stage ambitions; in fact, he shared my hopes and aspirations, which was one of many reasons for a happy marriage.

Several months after my marriage, Mr. Gordon and I left our native home, crossed the Continent and the English Channel to London, where we arrived on February, 1905. It was in London that my son was born. When my boy was eleven days old, we left for Toronto, Canada, where Mr. Gordon, who had proceeded us was waiting.

My initial stage appearance away from home was on shipboard, Decoration Day, May 30, 1908. Arrangements had been made for me to appear as a headliner in a concert given at Toronto on Declaration Day, but the ship was several days late in making its pier, Mr. Gordon came to the aid of a harassed Captain who wanted to entertain his guests and in some way compensate them for spending the day on the water by telling him of my willingness to do the same act I had expected to do in Toronto.

I had, and have, a contralto voice which is a very nice voice even though I do say it myself! I never had any vocal lessons but I could read music and sing as though I had studied for the concert stage. My program consisted of songs and a one act playlet, on the order of a vaudeville performance, you know. My first appearance in years was encouraging; it certainly was a success.

It was two days later, on July 1, known in Canada as Dominion Day, it being similar to our Fourth of July, that I gave the program given on the ship. It was so successful and met with such interest that I thought a regular show would meet with a warm reception, too. This was my first professional engagement, in spite of the years I had spent on the stage.

ORIGIN OF FIRST JEWISH STOCK CO. IN TORONTO

Mr. Gordon and I invited a number of our friends to our little apartment and discussed with them the plan that materialized into the first Jewish stock company that Toronto ever had. We discussed the project *in the kitchen*, because here it was we had the most room. Well known Jewish actors sat on roughly hewned kitchen chairs, on the table, even on the stove,—which wasn't burning, then!

After working out the financial end of the company, we engaged Queen's Hall for an indefinite period. Queen's Hall, however, was never intended for a theatre, having no curtain or scenery at all.

I, myself sewed the curtain! It was pronounced a good curtain. It should have been, since days and days were spent in making it.

Every Jewish theatre has a prompter on the stage who is hidden by a semi-circle top portruding from the floor near the footlights. Queen's Hall boasted no such accessory, so our prompter had to stand in the wings. One critic, in speaking of our initial performance, said "the cast was excellent and the play very good, what he heard of it: the prompter had the stage most of the time even though he was in the wings!" But in spite of obstacles, we succeeded.

Another picture as Madame X

As she appeared in "Resurrection"

In "Resurrection"

Another major trouble was in what language to give the plays. I spoke very little English. Jewish, however, I could speak though not fluently. The outcome was our plays were rendered in three languages. In the afternoon we gave a performance in Jewish. Perhaps in the evening, the same performance in the peasant language of Russia, which is quite different from Russian. The next afternoon the performance would be in Russian. So, all in all, we had three languages in active use.

I wanted to learn Yiddish. One never knows for what purpose a language may come in handy. So I just set myself to do this and I did.

NO NEGLECTING OF HOME

During these early years of my stage struggle, we were not especially wealthy and it was out of the question to engage a maid to care for the house. I did what a maid would do in addition to what a mother does. I never wore myself to a frazzle; simply because I was strong, arranged my plans to dove-tail with each other, and never worried.

In Toronto, my daughter was born. She is still my baby, even though fourteen and almost my height.

The repertoire of the Jewish stock company in Toronto was characterized by the same type of plays in which I acted while in Russia. We gave "Madame X," "Resurrection," Tolstoi plays, and others.

I remained in Toronto for five years, during which time my art matured and I became sure of myself and my abilities.

"Why do you stay here?" friends asked me. "There is little opportunity here for you to reach any great height. Why don't you go to New York?"

I pondered the thought. Then I discussed it with Mr. Gordon and friends. I wanted to go. But their happiness was to be considered also. If they believed they would not care for New York there would be only one thing to do—stay in Toronto. Fortunately, they agreed with me and in a week or so the Gordon family—four strong—were on their way to New York, uncertain what was before them but confident it was the best. Never in the years when I struggled for a foothold on the stage was I ever discouraged. I just knew that I was doing my best in behalf of my family, in behalf of myself and in behalf of the public.

In those days I was not stout. I weighed about one hundred and sixteen pounds. Which was why I played roles like that in "Resurrection," "Madame X," and others.

STRUGGLES IN NEW YORK

We came to New York and here I found conditions in the theatrical world entirely different from what I had encountered in Toronto. I called to see a number of Jewish producers. These producers do not come up on Broadway; their activities are centered in and around Second Avenue and the Bowery of New York.

But now I met with opposition the like of which I had never conceived. It was very hard for me to get an engagement, in spite of the Toronto company and the experience I had had.

The Jewish actors have a union which is really a closed shop. If you do not belong to this union it is difficult to get an engagement. The union does not worry with Brooklyn or independent companies, but it does guard zealousy its own members. The initiation fee of the union was two hundred dollars, and the monthly dues averaged about two dollars.

But to become a member required more than merely paying the specified dues. There was a trial arranged by the women of the union, in the event that the applicant was a woman, and by the men, if the applicant was a man. The judges—they really sat in judgment on one's efforts—gave the aspirant a role to learn. It didn't matter what kind of part he or she were accustomed to portray. The "trial part" might be precisely the opposite.

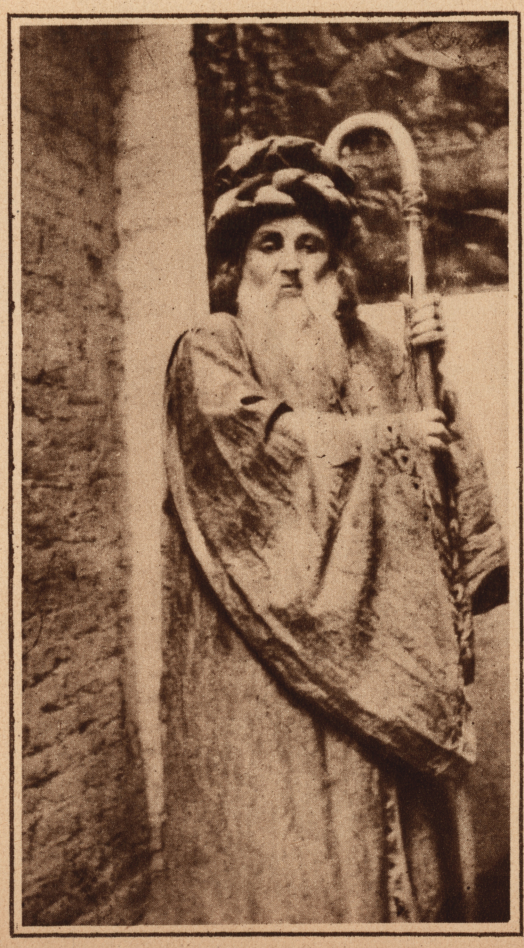
After allowing a day or so in which to become familiar with it, the applicant gave his or her performance in front of the judges. Because of the limited number of Jewish producers and the generous number of actors, a newcomer was viewed with considerable severity. One had to cope with the possibility of being too good or falling below the usual level. In the long run, it was a ten to one chance of being admitted.

SCORNS UNION

I didn't even apply for admittance to the union. I refused to be a victim of such rules. The result—I had difficulties peculiarly my own. I could never play with the big companies on Second Avenue. I had to be content with playing in and around the "Bowery-Broadway district" and in delineating the roles allotted me.

On one occasion when I was engaged by a notable company, I was assigned the part of a flippant street walker. I was supposed to speak English and Yiddish. I couldn't speak English very well. The outcome was the same as if you, not knowing Russian, were given a part which required you to speak Russian. My stay with this company was abruptly terminated after the first night.

I did manage to get an engagement that lasted for several months. There was one woman in the cast who was—it is the only solution I can call to mind—a little jealous of me. Just before I went out on the stage for one of my big emotional scenes, she came up to me and, expressing concern for my appearance, unhooked my skirt. As soon as I was



As the old man in "Sulamif"

From "Resurrection

on the stage, I knew something was wrong. I had to act, and act quickly, at that, else the skirt would drop to the floor leaving me in a state not to be envied. I assumed wild excitement and worked myself into a hysterical state. With my arms behind me, I fastened the skirt, and then resumed the scene as it was rehearsed.

Finally, I decided to organize my own company. Since it was next to the impossible to rent a theatre in the Bowery, I rented one in Brooklyn. The only theatre I could rent near the Bowery was one on Third Avenue, the same that Nazimova played when she first came to this country.

My own company did not live very long. The financial upkeep was heavy and because I was excommunicated from the profitable theatre district I deemed it wiser to continue alone.

OBSTACLES

I remember one very interesting play that was given in Brooklyn at the Lyric Theatre in 1904, entitled "Sulamif," which was an opera. The novelty about this was it was an entire woman cast. The older women played the old men roles while the younger ones played the young men and the women roles. I took the part of an old man, singing bass, as befitted the old man, and it wasn't until I commenced to speak my lines that the audience recognized me. Then there was a gale of approving laughter at my complete disguise behind a flowing beard and voluminous robes.

Whenever I had to sing in the theatre, my children always kept as still as mice at h ne. I had never studied voice and for this reason I had to concentrate more in learning songs.

One season, I was especially unfortunate in not finding a single part to play. Then came the big opportunity. And it came in such a roundabout way, yet withal so naturally as though circumstances were arranged especially to give me the big moment.

Addison Burckhardt, a playwright, wrote a vaudeville act, entitled "Shattered Idols." It was in English. The principal character in this sketch was a mother. Mr. Burckhardt refused to part with his act unless the actress was found who fully answered the demands of the role. He spoke to Joseph Rumshinsky about this matter. Mr. Rumshinsky is one of the greatest of Jewish composers. He was my friend. When Mr. Burckhardt described the part to him, Mr. Rumshinsky told him he had the actress he wanted—Vera Gordon. Mr. Burckhardt asked him to send me to him.

When I heard this news, I was in a state of unrestrainable excitement. It sounded like the great opportunity for which I had always longed, which I was sure would come.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Irene Castle and Her Mountain Home

An Interview with the Famous Dancer made in New York at the Hotel Algonquin

By Scott Jamieson

JENNIE LYNN, the monkey, jumped up and down with tireless perpetuity in his cage, first on one foot, then on another. A pathetic, rebellious squeal ensued from between his clenched teeth, as he interrupted his "Dempsey training stunt" to swing restlessly on the miniature handbar, only to drop to the floor of the cage and again commence his tireless hopping up and down.

Dozens of American beauty roses permeated the air with a heavy sweetness, adding both color and freshness to the living room of the suite occupied by Irene Castle Tremain at the Hotel Algonquin, during her sojourn in New York.

Miss Castle, attired in a blue serge dress that hung straight and plain, belted in gracefully at the waist, with heavy cuffs and collar of dainty red and white design, a high crowned short brimmed black hat on her head, sat opposite us, her laughing light blue eyes constantly surveying the room. At the far end of the room were her two little nieces, much occupied with eating a luncheon ordered by Mrs. Tremain with special thought to their childish digestive abilities. A maid hovered over them. Ever and anon, Mrs. Tremain's eyes strayed in their direction to see that all was well.

As for us, we were content with the story that was falling with beautiful consistency from the lips of one of America's most fashionable and popular celebrities.

"I have just finished my first picture for Hodkinson, said Mrs. Tremain. "It's called 'With Flying Colors,' which I believe is definite. In the beginning they had such titles as 'The Broadway Bride.' Of course, I wouldn't stand for that. I'm off for home the end of this week and I don't expect to begin work on my next picture for five weeks, postponing it until September, if possible.

"It must be dreadfully trying to make pictures in such torpid weather," we volunteered.

Mrs. Tremain agreed most emphatically. "It is. For the past week I worked from nine in the morning until nine at night, many times until midnight. Making the cabaret scenes was really the most exhausting of all. The thermomenter was usually 105 degrees. You can imagine what it meant to have a number of spot lights, and a generous assortment of Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts leveled on you.

"This cabaret scene marks my first appearance in pictures as a dancer. I have struggled against dancing in pictures. In doing the actual dance, of course, I am in perfect rhythm with the music. But in running the picture on the screen, this rhythm is not faultlessly preserved. The projecting machine has something to do with it. The orchestra accompanying the picture has something to do with it. Rather than have a dance hopelessly distored, I have up to this time refused to participate. Frankly, I am dubious about the cabaret scene in this last picture, but in the making it was very attractive."

Our mind flashed back to one of the early pictures Mrs. Tremain made, entitled "The Whirl of Life," in which she and her husband, Vernon Castle, were the stars, and in which they danced the then famous Castle dances.

Years have elasped since those happy days, years in which Irene Castle has done no professional dancing since the tragic death of Mr. Castle on Benbrook Field, near Fort Worth, Texas, when he, an instructor riding on the front seat of an aeroplane, with a student on the second seat, attempted an Immelman turn in order to avoid a collision with an airplane piloted by a student which rose with startling suddeness just in front of his plane, fifty feet from the ground.

LIFE was snapped asunder, for Irene Castle, upon the death of her husband. It was by a display of the will power that is hers that she resumed the activities of every day life.

"I'm off for my home in Ithaca, the end of the week," Mrs. Tremain's voice came to us from a distance. "It will be lovely to return to the coolness of the mountain home and to my beloved pool. It is quite large, the pool, with cement bottom and sides, ten feet deep filled with salt water. Having salt water way up in the mountains is a luxury I revel in. We made it ourselves. First the pool was filled with fresh water. Then we put in nine thousand (N. B.—We believe it was nine thousand, not nine hundred) pounds of salt. Salt water is cooler than fresh water.

"And there are marvelous springboards. One, you jump from a platform to a springboard and then dive into the water, the double spring giving terrific momentum to the plunge."

As a swimmer and fancy diver, Mrs. Tremain has few equals. She has always been in love with aquatic sports. Recalling a painful dive we once made, which resulted in our landing flat from a twenty foot board (death where is thy sting!) we gazed into the luminous blue eyes that gazed back at us with such clear visioned steadiness, and asked if she had ever lost her nerve because of an unsuccessfully. dive.

"I never lost my nerve," she said, "but I almost lost my life. Just almost. No more. While at school in Washington . . . ."

Irene Castle
(Photograph by Charllotte Fairchild)

"Are you a Washingtonian?" we interpolated.

"No, I'm from New Rochelle. I went to school in Washington, and while there saw "stars" for the first time! I went in swimming practically every day. One day a dive board was erected. The pool was only six feet deep, which in no wise interfered or deferred my doing a sailor's dive.

OF course, I had to do a sailor's dive, in preference to a straight. Instead of having my arms over my head, they were clamped tight to the sides of my body. Up I bounded and into the water. The next thing I saw was a blinding flash of red light and an unlimited assortment of stars. I had often heard of people seeing stars when hit upon the head, but this was my first experience.

"After this unpleasant little experience I was in bed for a week, my head swathed in bandages. Everytime I closed my eyes, I had a flash of the blinding red light that came into being when my head crashed against the cement flooring of the pool.

"I had another sad dive at Ithaca. Ward Crane and James Gerard were up for the week end. Ward is a beautiful diver. He did a double flip, his body rigid and straight as a poker. I never tried this. When I did a flip I doubled up into a ball and straightened out for the final plunge.

"The others encouraged me to do the "poker flip.' I'd try anything once. The first time wasn't so good. The second was a little better Now, thought I, the third will be fine. So I trundled up to the board and sprang off for my beautiful try. But something happened. Anyway, I turned over once and then just remained rigid landing flat on my back! Why," laughing hesitantly, "I was as red as a lobster for half an hour. But" blue eyes flashing, "I shall perfect the 'poker flip' dive."

Speaking about swimming led to the revellation that Mrs. Tremain loves horseback riding and everything connected with the outdoors. Which led us back to the days when she was starring in a thrilling serial for Pathe, entitled "Patria." Remember it?

"Were you interested in serials because of the swimming and horsebacking and other kinds of sport they boasted?" we quizzed.

"Yes. Do you know," abruptly, "I am sorry now that I didn't continue in serials. Yes, I believe it would have been wiser for me to have remained in serials for a couple of years and then turned to five reel pictures."

"Why?" with interest.

"Because they increase popularity. The short time I did serials I received thousands of letters from children, exlaiming in admiration over the various feats I did."

Our mind flashed back to a letter of caution that Mr. Castle, who was then an aviation officer seeing active service at the front in France, wrote to his wife; contained in Mrs. Castle's book, entitled "My Husband."

"Darling, do be careful in your picture. Falling off a horse while it's running is no easy job, and should be done by a double. And the man that's to take you up in the hydroplane—what flying has he done? And WHAT is the machine? For God's sake don't go up with some dub who has only just taken his pilot's license. Insist please, darling, on having an experienced pilot who has done at least one hundred hours in the air."

"But," she continued, "I forsook serials for five reelers and I intend doing this type right along. No use changing from one to another. I made my choice and I abide by it, even though I do believe it was not for the best."

There was a pause, broken only by the murmur of the children's voices and the steady jumping up and down of the monkey. "Has Jennie ever played in pictures with you?" we suddenly questioned.

"Yes, Jennie belonged to an organ grinder who was engaged as an extra for a scene in Washington Square in one of my pictures, entitled "An Amateur Wife." When I saw Jennie, my mind was made up, I had to have her. The organ grinder was willing to part with her for a stipulated sum, which I gladly paid.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Irene Castle Holds a Session with the Modiste

(Exclusive to "Movie Weekly")

1.

1. In a tunic of heavy blue taffeta with embroidered border of silver threads, the high waist line accentuated by a spray of velvet flowers, Miss Castle is ready for a cool and pleasant evening.

2. The same dress, which the ingenious Irene drapes differently.

3. Again the same dress with a dashing change commandeered by Miss Castle.

2.

3.

4

4. A soft evening gown of silver lace draped with orchid and purple chiffon with a girdle of black velvet ribbon and pastel shaded flowers. Does the dress grace Irene, or is it vice versa?

5. A stunning tailleur of navy blue tricotine with short, tight skirt and smartly fitted coat. The rather short sleeves are a little open with bell-shaped cuffs. The hat is of black moire.

5.

His Eyes Insured for $100,000

Ben Turpin was doing carpenter work in the old days at the Essanay Studio in Chicago. One day Manager Spohr saw Ben climbing over a fence with a bouquet of flowers. He followed him through a field to a little graveyard, finding Ben kneeling over a grave and placing the flowers on it, then smoothing over the dirt when he came up. His curiosity was aroused and he seemed deeply moved.

"Ben," he said, I'm deeply touched at your putting flowers on that grave. Whose is it?"

"Gee, I don't know whose it is. We needed the flowers for the stage and this is where I found them." Right then and there he was engaged.

And while starring with Mack Sennett, Ben had his eyes insured for $100,000, the money to be returned to him if they ever became straight

Mrs. Ben Turpin

Ben and Family

Mrs. Ben Turpin and Ben

FACE READINGS

See Pictures on Opposite Page

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Miss Paulette C. Renard

There are few prettier camera subjects than this one and although she does not give her age, this is a photograph of a very young girl with ideals which she thinks she is willing to work very hard to make real. She would watch a theatrical performance and see herself in the place of the leading woman or ingenue, and thrill with the desire to play the part. However, as much as her ambition may cry out for her to act, I am afraid she lacks the dramatic instinct necessary to carry out her desires. She has poise and confidence. She would be far better on the screen than on the stage and if she has the opportunity could become a support to a strong male lead, but could hope for little more.

Miss Lois Corrine Jordan

Pretty, artistic, graceful, sincree. She is tempted to put make-up on and it is not done as well as might be—when one uses make-up they should be very careful, as incorrect lines make good features look bad. The only possible objectional feature might be her nose, which from this pose can not be judged. She by nature is very reserved and unconsciously throws a bearer around herself which would tend to reduce her popularity should she succeed in getting on the screen.

Miss Julia Clarkin

A dear, sweet, lovable, ambitious little girl who is going to find herself encircled by two strong. manly arms before she has time to accomplish tha which she thinks she wants to do. She is talented enough to make a wonderful wife, but would soon grow weary of the tedious plodding necessary to gain a career on the stage or screen.

Katherine L. Conant

A pretty well shaped face with a pleasant smile and bright eyes make for a very pleasing subject. For the screen her eyes are too light, this, however, would not be an objection on the stage. For the stage she would be more successful in the lighter comedy drama or musical comedy. She is rather large of stature and this might be a detriment to her in her work. On the screen she could hope to accomplish little more than atmosphere or small parts.

Miss Agnes Young

A good example of the higher type of American woman; clear minded, serious and ambitious, although not eager. Her extremely light eyes would be a detriment in pictures, on the stage, however, she would make for the intellectual type of leading woman, provided her front view is as well modeled as her profile.

Miss Mary Torick

This bright, snappy, wity, active, optimistic little bit of feminity would do well in theatricals for she has that ability to take care of herself in addition to her many charms. Her light eyes might be a detriment to a great success in pictures, but her very expressive features would go a long ways to counteract this. Although we have no photograph other than this to judge her by, I fear she is not nearly so pretty in her serious moments as when a smile illuminates her countenance, but this we can only guess at.

Miss Ermine Gagnon

This beautiful, delicate little girl is just a bit pessimistic, a trifle sarcastic and extremely sensitive, together with her light eyes would be more or less detrimental to her success on the screen. She is a wonderful little girl and with the right environment now would make a wonderful woman. She must chose carefully and wisely her companions. She has a wealth of luxurious hair, is artistic, would make-up well and follow direction, although she has few ideas for herself. It would be interesting to know what changes the next few years will make in her as her mind is very receptive.

Miss Dorothy Conner

This bright-eyed, dainty, lovable little girl doesn't want to enter Motion Pictures just yet at least, not so far away from home and protecting friends. She needs, most of all, a little more schooling and a better knowledge of the outside world. When she has gained this she will be far more fit to battle for a career than she is now. She is far too pretty to be denied the better things of life because of this neglect.

Kathryn L. Conant
Spokane, Wash.

Photographic Analysis of Prize Contestants

On Opposite Page

Julia Clarkin,
Kansas City, Mo.

Lois Corinne Jordan
Jacksonville, Fla.

Agnes Young, Arlington, Mass.

Mary Torick
E. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Paulette C. Renard,
New York City

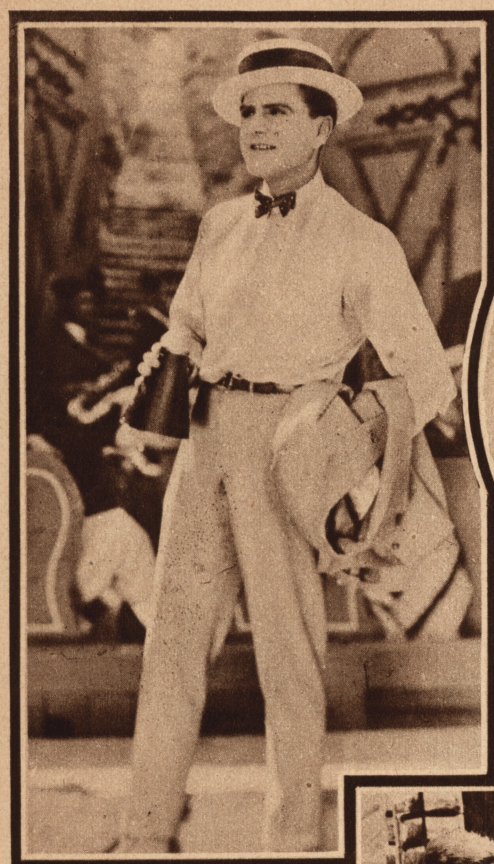
Dorothy Conner
Dallas, Tex.

Erminie Gagnon New York City

Irene Castle

Bert Lytell Caught in some Idle Moments

Exclusive to Movie Weekly



Bert and Virginia Vallie, his leading lady, resting between scenes.

A "barker" for the merry-go-round - "Right this way" encourages Bert..

A penny tells your fortune. Bert bites! - But he sure looks worried..

Sharing 50-50 with some of his little friends...

Left: Bert is like all the kids - he falls for "goodies"...

Right: All set for a good time..

Tales Out-of-School About Eddie Polo

Written Exclusively for "Movie Weekly" By His Daughter Malveen

MY Dad is the most wonderful man in the world. He is more like my brother than my father and as a matter of fact it is because we have been such pals that I always call him Eddie."

Malveen Polo, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the famous serial star, shook her bobbed head enthusiastically and showed her very white teeth in a flashing smile. A very pretty girl is Malveen, of a distinctly foreign type, but a luscious one. Her olive cheeks are guiltless of paint or powder and are relieved only by the intense crimson of her full warm mouth. She is the type which Von Stroheim had been trying to find for months to take the part of the daughter of the old counterfeiter in "Foolish Wives." He was in despair until one day he happened to call on his friend Eddie Polo, and saw young Malveen demurely swinging her shapely ankles.

"She shall make her debut with me!" announced the great (and temperamental director) and so little Malveen makes her debut in "Foolish Wives," and she has done so well that Von Stroheim wants her for his next picture and predicts a great future for her.

But to return to Eddie.

"He does the nicest things for mother and for me," she dimpled. "Why here we are going to spend the summer in Europe and paying $1,100 alone for our cabin on the way over. Eddie just sprang it on us as he does all his surprises. He walked into our house and said: 'Well, girls, how would you like to go over to Europe to spend the summer and have a wonderful time. You can stop over in New York and buy all the pretties you want and don't mind the expense—just have a good time, that's all!'

"How many husbands and fathers talk like that?" Malveen went on enthusiastically. "And have we done as he wanted us to? I'll say we have!"

Her shapely white arm swept around the room which was filled with two brand new wardrobe trunks of the most expensive variety fairly overflowing with lingerie, hats rivaling the rainbow, silk stockings of fish net and lace, open-work canto crepes, chiffons and laces until the eye was dazzled. "We have some more trunks coming to put them in," declared Miss Polo, "and then of course, this is only the beginning. We'll buy a few things in Paris and London, too."

It looks as if the public has its answer when it questions whether serials pay.

No one would mind having a papa in serials after noticing the way the Polos spend money—and my goodness! you ought to be in an uptown theatre on Polo night! You are deafened! It is filled with kids. Kids upstairs, downstairs, sitting on each other's laps and climbing down each other's necks. They are one squirming, vociferating mass.

"O-O-OO!! E-D-D-I-E!!"

"Go to it, Eddie!"

"Look it, Eddie! Bean him! Oh, gee—now he's done it!"

"ATTA BOY——"

"OH-H YOU E-D-D-I-E!"

Shrill calls, whistles, stamps. An irate doorman walks through the aisles threatening to put them all out this time, *sure*, if they don't stop. Fussy old people vow they'll make sure it isn't Polo night before they come in next time.

THE umteenth episode of the serial thriller is on and Eddie's enemies are once more closing around him, ten to his doughty one.

No wonder that when he shows himself on the street in a neighborhood which is plentifully supplied with kiddies, he is almost mobbed so that he cannot reach his destination. Whenever he comes to New York there is a particular restaurant on the East Side he goes to, because they cook particularly well a certain kind of dish. The last time he went there one boy tipped the other and soon the police had to rescue him from a couple of hundred crowding, pushing and shoving kids.

"It was a hot time," relates Malveen, who was with him, and who had a perfectly good silk dress almost torn off her. "But Eddie just loved it. He is crazy about kids.

"Dad started in life with a circus," she went on. "He began at the age of five by making a balloon ascension and a parachute drop with his master Wolf in Vienna. He was apprenticed to this man up to the age of sixteen and learned trap-work, contortion, wire-walking, and horseback stunts.

"He was a headliner in the Barnum and Bailey circus for many years and was twice commanded to play before royalty. About two years ago the Barnum and Bailey circus appeared at Los Angeles, and Eddie felt the old lure of the circus. Mother and I could not keep him away. And what do you think he did? He dressed in his old satin trunks, that he used to wear when he was head of the Polo troupe, and he walked into the ring on the opening night. Well, say, you ought to have heard the ovation he got! The performers just rose up and cheered. They carried him around the ring on their shoulders, and then when they set him down, he did all his old stunts with the same ease he had displayed in other days.

"My father keeps himself in wonderful physical condition, but then he has to, of course, because his work requires it. He has a complete gymnasium rigged up in our house and not a day of his life passes without his exercising there.

"You know he has played before three of the crowned heads of Europe. Three months before the outbreak of the World War, he was playing a vaudeville engagement at the Winter Garden in Berlin when he was summoned to appear before the Kaiser and give his trapeze performance. He was presented with a gold cigarette case.

"Another memento was a signet ring which was the gift of the late King Edward. Eddie's act was one of three selected to entertain royalty at Buckingham Palace. He also appeared before the King and Queen of Italy, and it made him very popular in that country.

"My father, I want you to know, was the first man to dive off the Eiffel Tower in Paris with a parachute. He established a new record by leaping 4,280 feet in the air from an aeroplane by parachute. This was at the Panama-California Exposition in 1915. The feat was under government supervision and proved to the Army fliers that parachute jumping from diasbled aeroplanes can be done at any height.

WHEN my father was with Barnum and Bailey's circus, and I was a tiny little tot, I used to ride around the ring on the same horse, dressed in a baby clown's costume. It was great fun, and at the time he thought he was going to make an acrobat of me. As it is I can still do quite a few stunts.

"Eddie was also the first man to invent the triple somersault, performed in the air between two trapezes. On one occasion he and his partner fell to the net with such force that they buried their teeth in each other. When he was with Ringling Brothers Circus, after he left Barnum and Bailey, he did many stunts, among them he was the first man to loop-the-loop standing on a bicycle. Then he did the same stunt on a motorcycle. He made himself famous by jumping the gap in an automobile. He even looped-the-loop on horseback. He simply doesn't know what it

(*Continued on page* 28)

Movie Weekly

Our Prize Contest

WE take pleasure in announcing that the winner of the contest "Have You a Movie Face?" has been chosen by Mr. Irvin V. Willat from the eligible list which was prepared by the board of judges. She has already started for the coast to take part in a photoplay now being produced by Mr. Willat.

If you want to know all about the girl and the particulars of this great contest, don't fail to buy next week's copy of the "Movie Weekly."

"The Three Musketeers"

THE production of Alexandre Dumas' great romance "The Three Musketeers" as a photoplay opening at the Lyric Theatre, New York, August 14th is an event of the very first magnitude, and it is certain that nothing has been spared by Mr. Fairbanks and his co-workers either in work or money to make this screen offering measure up to the historical and romantic conception of the great novelist.

No other of the works of Dumas is so well known and as universally popular among English speaking people as that which relates to the thrilling adventures of "The Three Musketeers" and their friend D'Artagnan. This story of wit and bravery has thrilled thousands in every civilized country and language, and thousands yet to come will find enjoyment in the fascinating pages of this great romance.

The reprinting of Dumas' great novel in serial form at this time is an opportunity that we cannot ignore. It is the intention of the producers to follow the New York City run with a showing throughout the country, which will undoubtedly result in creating a new and greater interest in the works of Dumas and an ever-increasing enthusiasm for his masterpiece of fiction, "The Three Musketeers."

Thousands who have read and enjoyed this wonderful story will want to read it again, while those of our readers who have not revelled in the adventures of the heroic guardsmen will find the opportunity to do so week by week in the pages of "Movie Weekly."

This serial will be unique because it will be illustrated by the most vivid and illuminating series of pictures that ever enriched the publication of any novel ever published in any country. These photographs from the play to the number of more than two hundred have been furnished us by Mr. Fairbanks and in themselves alone they register a complete picture compendium of the great novel.

The story will begin in our issue of next week and long instalments of at least twelve thousand words will be printed. So we advise our readers if they have read "The Three Musketeers" to read it again and for those who have not to be sure to start in next week and read about the valor of D'Artagnan, the strength of Porthos, the melancholy nobility of Athos, and the honor, chivalry and friendship of all. You will find them real human characters with their great motto: "All for one, one for all."

The Girl On the Cover

Harriet Hammond is the attractive mermaid gracing the cover on this week's "Movie Weekly." She is a Robertson-Cole star whom you probably recognize as the leading lady in a number of comedies and specials.

Queries and Answers

THIS department will answer inquiries regarding stars, studios and other aspects of the film industry. Address all communications to Motion Play Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY, 113-119 West 40th Street, New York. Write only on one side of the paper and sign your name. Only your initials or a nom de plume will be used if you so desire. Readers who do not see immediate replies to their questions are requested to be patient, as the rotogravure process in which this magazine is printed is intricate, delicate and long. Owing to lack of space it is impossible to reply to each letter. The information you want may be contained in the reply to another letter. This department can give you no advice concerning studio employment, or answer questions regarding religion, or send pictures of the stars.

WALT—It was Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart." She is also to play the lead in "Humoresque," which is to be done on the stage.

M. A. M. ANSONIA—"The Call of Democracy" is a picture which was made during the war. I am unable to discover who produced it.

SAMUEL BRADIE—I do not know whether or not you mean Elmo Linkenhelt Lincoln. If you do, you can reach him 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. You are welcome.

WILLIAM BEASLEY—No trouble at all. You're very, very welcome. William Farnum c-o Fox, New York City., Buck Jones, c-o Fox, Los Angeles, Cal., Tom Mix, Fox, Los Angeles, William (Edith) Duncan, Vitagraph, Los Angeles, Ed "Hoot" Gibson Universal, Universal City. Cal., Wm. S. Hart, Wm. S. Hart Studio Hollywood, Cal., Eddie Polo, c-o Universal. Walter Hiers, 623 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Dustin Farnum, United Farnum Prod., Glendale, Cal., Franklyn Farnum, 4845 Elmwood Ave., Los Angeles, Art Acord, Universal, Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal., William Russell, c-o Fox, Los Angeles, Larry Semon, Vitagraph, Los Angeles, Eva Novak, c-o Fox, Los Angeles, Marion Davies, International, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C., Mary Miles Minter, c-o Realart Pictures Corp., N. Y., Pearl White, c-o Fox, N. Y. Edgar Jones, c-o Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

"NAMELESS"—Where is the rest of your letter? George Walsh is thirty years old, and can be reached c-o Fox, New York.

ROY WERNER—So! You're a Ruth Roland Fan, Eh? I certainly admire your taste? Norma Talmadge starred as "Acacia" in "The Passion Flower." Eullie Jenson played the part of the mother. "Raimunda," Courtenay Foote, the step-father, "Esteban," Harrison Ford, the poet, "Norbert," and Robert Agnew, "Acacia's" lover "Faustino." We do not know what Theda's plans are. At present she is on the speaking stage, in "The Blue Flame." Walter Hiers can be reached at 623 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PEACHES—Did you notice the date of the magazine you read it in? Why, Florence is 26 years old. Frankie Lynne writes for "Movie Weekly." She is our Los Angeles correspondent. Sorry, but she doesn't give her age. Never heard about it. "Beyond Price" was Pearl's last picture. Evidently, your fault was not acceptable. Try again.

JUST INTERESTED—Rose Tapley is at present the manager of Club and Social Section of Non-Theatrical Dist. Dept., Famous Players-Lasky Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

E. M. A.—You're quite a movie fan, aren't you? Ruth Roland is in her twenties; Gladys Walton, 17 years old; Connie Talmadge, 21; Norma, 24; Natalie, 23; Mildred Harris, 19; Mary Pickford, 27; Bebe Daniels, 20; Dorothy Dalton, 28; Marguerite Clark, 33; Mae Murray, 28; Connie, Norma, Natalie, Mary, Marguerite and Mae are married.

B. B.—I see that all letters are answered. None of them reach the waste basket. Johny Jones is about 14 years old. Address him c-o Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Wesley Barry is about 13 years old, is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, and weighs 110 pounds. Address him c-o Marshall Neilan Prod., Los Angeles. Gareth Hughes is 5 feet, 5 inches, weighs 125 pounds. Address him c-o Garson Studios, Los Angeles. Eugene O'Brien is 6 feet tall, Lila Lee, 5 feet, 3; Wallace Reid, 6 feet; Richard Barthelmess, 5 feet, 7; Marguerite Clark, 4 feet, 10; Pauline Frederick, 5 feet, 4. I think Douglas Wakefield, Jr. is about 5 years old. Hope I satisfied.

J. W. S.—I'm awfully glad you think so. I am sure Dick would send you a picture if you wrote to him enclosing a quarter. His address is c-o Lambs Club, N. Y. There might be one in the near future. Just be patient.

HELEN BOWMAN—Here are the addresses you want. Mary Miles Minter, c-o Realart, N. Y.; Jackie Coogan, c-o Charlie Chaplin Studio, Hollywood, Cal.; Billie Burke, c-o Famous Players, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y., and Bebe Daniels, c-o Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

CHARLENE BLAKE—I think it would be best for you to write Famous Players and ask them whether you can visit their studio. I think Wallie has returned to the coast.

MAX WISE—I suggest you go to all the studios and try to get in as an extra.

IVA KELLY—That's too bad, Iva. But wait there will be one soon. Jack's address is 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, he is married.

ANN—So, you think I am the handsomest man in the world, do you? If I told you, I doubt whether you would ever read my columns again. Ralph Bushman is the son of Francis X. He is 19 years old and can be reached in care of his father at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles. You might write to Jack Hoxie at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood, and ask him. Sorry I can't oblige.

M. E. WILLIAMS—Here are a few. Comique Film Co., Culver City, Cal., DeHaven Comedies, Hollywwood, Gaiety Comedies, Hollywood; Hank Mann Comedies, Los Angeles, and Mack Sennett Comedies, Los Angeles. Hope these will satisfy.

V. K. K.—Wallace Reid, c-o Lasky, Hollywood; Gladys Walton and Carmel Meyers, c-o Universal, Universal City Cal.

GOGGLES—Glad you like our column. Address Ruth Roland, c-o Ruth Roland Studios, Los Angeles, Louise Huff, 64 W. 4th St., N. Y. C.; June Caprice, c-o Capanelli Prod., 1457 Broadway, N. Y.; Vivian Martin, c-o Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Betty Compson, c-o Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, Alma Hanlon, c-o Pioneer Film Corp., and Priscilla Dean, c-o Universal, Universal City, Cal.

THELMA SADLIER—So you are interested in Wally Reid. I shall try and do my best for you. He was born in St. Louis in 182. He is married to Dorothy Davenport, and has a son "Bill" about four or five years old. He is in pictures about 6 years. Mrs. does not give her age. Address him c-o Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Katherine MacDonald is about 30 years old, Agnes and Gloria do not give their ages.

IRENE—If I told you, Irene, I am sure you'd never write to me again. So I shall keep you guessing. I'm sorry, but I don't know what Jack's plans are. Olive Thomas' last picture was "Everybody's Sweetheart." You'll have to write to Carmel Meyers and ask her what she does with her clothes. I never asked her.

P. O. O. R. FISH—I am sorry for you. Elmo Lincoln, c-o Universal, Universal City, Cal.; Ruth Roland, Ruth Roland Studio, Los Angeles; Tom Mix, William Farnum, William Russell, c-o Fox, Los Angeles; Dustin Farnum, United Farnum Prod., Glendale, Cal.; Wm. Hart, Wm. S. Hart Studios, Hollywood; Neal Hart, c-o Capital Film Co., Hollywood.

D. M. S.—"Wedding Bells" was Connie's last picture. She is at present working on "Good For Nothing," which is the working title.

GYMNASIUM—Bertram Grassby, c-o Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles. Kathleen Kirkham, 1135 Delaware Ave., Los Angeles.; Montague Love, c-o Lambs Club, N. Y.; Darrell Foss, 5275 Fernwood Ave., Hollywood.

PAULINE—Address Albert Roscoe c-o Lambs Club, New York. May Allison, Metro, Hollywood. Mabel Normand is still on the screen. Address her c-o Goldwyn Pictures Corp., Culver City, Cal. Pauline Frederick, c-o Goldwyn. Charles Ray, 615 Wright & Callender Bldg., Los Angeles.

TOOTS—My, you must be very sweet! Jimmie Kirkwood will only be too glad to answer your letter. Write to him at 725 Rodea Ave., Beverly Hills, Los Angeles. Address Helen Dunbar, c-o Universal, Universal City, Cal., and Helen J. Eddy, 111 N. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles; Jack Mulhall, c-o Metro, Hollywood. I have never been on the stage nor in the movies. What do you think I look like? Address your faults to the Editor, Faults in Films, c-o "Movie Weekly."

Independent Reviews of Current Plays

PLAY OF THE WEEK—"*Life*"

"LIFE"

(*Paramount*)

A GOOD old-fashioned melodrama with a thrill a minute, and containing all the old reliable characters—an innocent, though persecuted, hero; a handsome villain in faultless evening clothes; an adventuress who reclines on luxurious cushions and consumes scented cigarettes, and all the other time-honored ensemble. But in spite of its blood and thunder and dime-novel characteristics, "Life" is mighty wholesome and enjoyable entertainment, because it is so supremely well done. The characters are such human sort of folks that you almost accept their highly improbable adventures as being plausible for the time.

The story concerns the diabolical careers of two handsome young villains, beginning with "borrowed" bonds, progressing to a disastrous speculation in Wall Street, and culminating in the murder of their employer when discovery is imminent. Jimmy Reid, virtuous youth who acts as secretary to the murdered financier, is, of course, saddled with the crime, and Villainy laughs sneeringly and is seemingly triumphant for the time. But Jimmy's loyal little wife, who was the slain man's daughter, stands loyally by her husband and, assisted by a benevolent Police Captain, helps him to make a spectacular escape from the very shadow of the electric chair. Then an interloping burglar, who happened very conveniently to be on the premises when the murder was committed, is inveigled into unmasking the villain, and Virtue reigns triumphant once again.

The directing is excellent, and the high calibre of the cast as a whole gives the play a fine entertainment value. Jack Mower is good as the persecuted hero, Arline Pretty is appealing as his loyal little wife, and Nita Naldi is striking as the sinuous, cigarette-smoking vamp. The major villain is played by—who do you think?—by Rod La Rocque! And what is more, Rod makes an excellent job of it, even though he does look just a wee bit immature to be capable of such depths of villainy.

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"MAN TRACKERS"

(*Universal*)

A MODERATELY interesting story of love and adventure in the North woods, having for its hero, of course, a gallant member of that well-advertized organization, the Northwest Mounted Police. The scenic settings are fairly effective, but are more suggestive of Southern California than of Northwestern Canada.

Jimmy Hearn, daredevil trooper of the Mounted, is in love with his Inspector's daughter, Molly. His rival in the young lady's esteem is a rather shady individual by the name of Morgan. Jimmy apparently has things going all his own way, when trouble in large doses suddenly overtakes him. Morgan, in collusion with a band of outlaws who fear Jimmy for reasons of their own, frame a plan to discredit the trooper, and he is dismissed from the Service in disgrace. Informed of the truth of the affair by Jules, a half-wit half-breed, Jimmy trails Henley, leader of the outlaws, into the Far North, and captures him after a long and thrilling chase. In the meantime, Jules has told his story to the Inspector, and Jimmy finds a warm welcome awaiting him from Molly and her father when he returns with his prisoner.

It seemed to us that Director Kull has failed to make the most of his material, allowing his players to slightly over-act in many instances. The photography also is a bit below standard, particularly in the snow scenes.

The cast is well balanced and gives a fairly creditable performance. George Larkin is acceptable as Jimmy, and Josephine Hill makes an attractive Molly. Barney Furey does good work as Jules, the half-wit, though his makeup is a little more suggestive of an "Alabama blonde" than of an Indian half-breed. The play contains several very effective fight scenes.

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"THE MAN WHO"

(*Metro*)

A COMEDY drama with a very unique theme, but remarkable mainly for the fact that it provides a fairly satisfactory vehicle for Bert Lytell to prove to his admirers that he is nothing if not versatile, being fully as capable a player in farce as he has hitherto proved himself to be in more serious roles.

For "The Man Who" *is* farce, and very flimsy farce at that. In fact, were it not redeemed by the volatile Lytell personality and the general excellence of its production, it would be so fantastic as to be absurd.

Bedford Mills, humble bank clerk, presuming to fall in love with Helen Jessop, aristocratic Fifth Avenue heiress de luxe, is informed that she will only marry a "man who"—startles the world by some sensational achievement. He accordingly hits on the startling plan of parading through New York's most crowded and ultra-fashionable thoroughfares in his bare feet, giving as the altruistic reason for his martyrdom a desire to force the shoe trust to lower its prices. His feat, no pun intended, brings interesting results. He loses his job and aristocratic lady love, but gains fame and fortune. Also, he gains a real sweetheart in the person of a mysterious young woman artist who stands bravely by him in his spectacular campaign. Success in his grasp, he discovers that his bride to be is in reality the daughter of the gentleman who is the head of the shoe trust. But father, after a little argument, gives his blessing, and all is well.

Lucy Cotton gives a wonderful portrayal of the ultra-everything heiress, while Virginia Valli is altogether charming and attractive as the supposed artist. The satire on New York's ultra-smart set is splendid, and the direction is excellent throughout. The play could with advantage, however, be cut from six reels, its present length, to five.

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"MAID OF THE WEST"

(*Fox*)

A THOROUGHLY up-to-date, fast moving comedy drama featuring the blonde beauty of Eileen Percy. The scenes of the story are laid in Texas and New York City, and the action includes, among other interesting incidents, an attempted airplane elopement and a battle of wits between a plucky cow-girl and a band of New York society thieves.

It all starts when Amos Jansen attempts to ship his adventurous niece, Betty, from his Texas ranch to her aunt in New York City. Being in love with a Texan aviator, Betty objects strenuously to such deportation and, at the last moment, attempts to elope with Bert Cragnair, her sky-roaming lover, in his airplane. But Uncle Amos arrives on the scene with his cow-punchers in the nick of time, and frustrates the attempt by the rather novel expedient of lassoing the airplane.

Nothing daunted, Bert flies cross-country, and when Betty arrives in the metropolis, she finds him comfortably installed as her aunt's new chauffeur. From this point, the action becomes fast and furious. Betty's aunt presents her with a family heirloom, a $50,000 pearl necklace, on the evening of her arrival. Just at the moment of presentation, however, the lights are suddenly extinguished and the necklace disappears. After a thoroughly diverting mix-up, Betty adopts true Western methods, and brings the robbers to justice at the point of a revolver.

"Maid of the West" is a breezy, rollicking story of humor and adventure, and is interesting throughout. Eileen Percy is delightful as the vivacious Betty, and William Scott is good as the aviator Romeo. The titles add to the humor, except in those too frequent instances when they descend to the Fox weakness for atrocious punning.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

SHORT SKIRTS

(*Universal*)

A VERY pleasant, thoroughly amusing little comedy drama of the "flapper" type, starring Gladys Walton. There's nothing particularly original or striking about the plot, but who the dickens cares anything about plot where the charming Gladys is concerned, anyway?

Natalie Smith is seventeen, her brother Douglas, eighteen. Their one great sorrow is their youth. Their mother's fiance, Wallace Brewster, is the Reform candidate for Mayor. Brewster wins Douglas' loyal support by treating the youth as though he were a man, but incurs Natalie's enmity by regarding her as a "little girl." A handsome scoundrel in the opposition party plays upon Natalie's pique against Brewster, and prevails upon her to steal an incriminating document from the Reform candidate's safe. No sooner is the act committed, than Natalie repents and, accompanied by Billy Gregg, a member of Brewster's staff, attempts to secure the return of the papers. The story ends happily, but in rather an anti-climax, when Brewster reveals the fact that the stolen document was only a blank dummy, after all.

Gladys Walton makes an adorable Natalie. This very appealing young woman shows decided promise of doing great things in the future if she is given any kind of opportunities. Howard Ralston is clever as young Douglas, Edward Martindel is excellent as Wallace Brewster, and Jack Mower makes an acceptable villain. Harold Millier is a satisfactory hero, and indulges in a realistic fight scene which is a decided relief after some of the many insipid hugging-contests masquerading as mortal combats on the screen.

The amusing qualities of the play are much enhanced by a very clever little prologue, showing the decided upward trend in women's skirts during the last decade or so.

M. P.

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

by Margaret Grant

TWELFTH INSTALMENT

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Duke Would Work

BY jove!" gasped the Duke. "Oh, by jove!" and then was dumb.

Mildred could only stare in horror at the cold, stern face of Kit, who, however, kept her eyes on the Duke.

"This is an honorable business, sir," said Kit, after what seemed an interminable silence.

"Yes, by jove! No, by jove, I mean," answered the Duke, glancing piteously at Mildred.

"It was all my fault, Kit; indeed it was," stammered Mildred, looking now anywhere but at Kit.

"Oh, I say, you know!" cried the Duke.

"It was, Kit," said Mildred; "I—I led him on."

"Oh, you did?" murmured Kit.

"Oh, I say!" protested the Duke, sliding over toward Mildred, "I cawn't go that, you know. Oh, really! Say, you know, Miss Dunlop, she never opened her blessed little head. Led me on! my word!"

"Perhaps, Mildred," said Kit not unkindly, "you would better go before you make a bad matter worse. I know very well that you would never be so base as to do what you have said."

"Deuced clever of you to see it, too, by jove! Led me on! Oh, I say!"

"Comment from you, sir, is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, you know, if it comes to that, you know," said the Duke, plucking up his courage, "I cawn't keep still. If there's any fault, by jove, it's all mine. I don't know, 'pon my soul, whether there is any fault or not. You send Mildred——"

"MISS Mildred might be better, sir," interposed Kit coldly.

"I like Mildred best, by jove," answered back the Duke with increasing boldness. "I like Mildred jolly well. Not only the name, but Mildred. I was telling her so when you came, Miss Dunlop. I wish you wouldn't look at a chap in such a deuced tragedy way. It's all your fault if it comes to that. You shouldn't have sent her down here to talk to me, by jove."

"Did I understand from you, Mildred," asked Kit, "that you loved this gentleman?"

"Oh no, no! I did not say so."

"Oh, I remember; you said you had led him on. You meant you had tried to make him love you."

"All jolly nonsense, Miss Dunlop," interposed the Duke. "She never did. I just fell in love with her because I couldn't help it."

"Knowing all the time that you belonged to me?"

"Oh, I say! belonged!"

"I have bought you, I think. Have I not paid fifty thousand dollars down to bind the bargain?"

"Oh, I say! You talk as if I were a horse, you know. Bought me! I don't know anything about any fifty thousand dollars, you know."

"I believe your agent represents you, does he not? Shall I show you the receipt from him? Here it is." And she held out a paper for him to read.

The Duke took it and ran his eyes over it, flushing more and more deeply all the while and murmuring in a tone of deep humiliation scattered words to the effect that he had been treated like a horse or a prize pig, and then handing it back to Kit with a cry of injured pride: "I say, you know, I had nothing to do with that."

"Did you not come over here to trade your title for money?"

"Ya-as," he admitted miserably.

"Well, I bought your title by bidding the highest sum for it. Now you belong to me; or your title does, which is the same thing. And you have no right to make love to Mildred. It is nothing less than dishonorable. I don't say anything about your selling yourself, since it seems that is the custom of poor noblemen in your country, but I do say that when you have made the bargain you should at least have the honor to stand by it, and not try to make love to the first girl who falls in your way. That may be another custom of your kind and class, but I don't mean to allow it. You are my property, and I mean to keep you in good order."

"Ya-as, by jove," he murmured, as if feeling the necessity for saying something, but yet hardly conscious of what he said. He was evidently in deep perplexity of thought.

"And then," went on Kit inexorably, "what an insult to this young lady. How is she to bear the insult you put on her with your declaration of love? Or do you think she holds herself so cheap as to feel honored by your love because you are a nobleman?"

"Oh, Kit! you must not say such things to him. If he said to me more than he ought it was because he was not fully aware of how it might sound. I have no unkind feeling toward him for it. But—but I think I will go now, please"; and she began to sob.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Jack Howard, a New York mining engineer, goes to Arizona to examine a mine that is for sale. He buys a stolen horse, is mistaken for the thief, and is about to be hung, when he is rescued by Kit Dunlop, the daughter of the owner of the mine. He is shot in trying to escape, and Kit is obliged to leave him while she goes for help. He is carried in safety to the home of Kit, who nurses him back to health and, incidentally, falls in love with him. She misunderstands something he says and thinks he loves her. Through her error a duel between Tom Giles and Jack is imminent, for Tom loves Kit and is known as the worst man in Arizona. Kit starts for the fort ten miles away and Tom and Jack go after her because they learn that the Apaches are on the warpath. They become reconciled in the face of death. Kit comes with soldiers and saves both men. Kit's father meanwhile has discovered that his mine is very valuable. The deal with Jack is declared off. Tom generously puts Jack in charge of the mine and gives him a share in it. Jack now discovers that Kit would do very well for a wife if educated and polished up, and Kit decides on the education and polish. Tom also goes in for education and polish. Jack, meanwhile, returns to New York, his mind made up to marry Kit. Kit and Tom go abroad for some years, and when Kit returns she is a thoroughly up-to-date young woman; and she has a plan for breaking into society. Jack calls on her. Kit and Jack have an explanation and Jack learns that Kit is really sophisticated. He decides to be her friend instead of lover. She tells him she is going to marry the Duke of Malton; or as she puts it, buy him. Tom returning home meets the Duke of Malton on the steamship and befriends him. Tom impresses Jack, who becomes curious to see the meeting between Kit and him. Kit and Tom meet and Kit does not get the best of the encounter. Kit arranges to marry the Duke, and also starts her campaign to break into Society. She visits the leader of Society.

But as she moved toward the door, the Duke started and seemed to collect himself. He put out his hand to restrain her, saying with a firmness and coherence quite new to him:

"I must say something to you before you go, Miss Mildred. I may have spoken without due consideration, carried away by my feelings and by impulse, but I meant all I said and much more. I do love you, and I do feel mean and ashamed that I am in the position I am. I have nothing to offer you, and I do not know how to work. I am what they have made me with their terrible aristocratic system. I never understood while I was in the midst of it in England how awful it would seem to others, but I see now. I ought to see, since I am made so mean and despicable before you."

"Am I to understand then," demanded Kit, "that you regret your conduct and will carry out the terms of our contract?"

"I—I regret anything that has made her unhappy; that is all. I—I cawn't say about the contract."

"Do you mean that you will repudiate it after having got my fifty thousand dollars?"

"I don't know anything about that. I'll find out what it means."

AND, in the meantime, what am I to understand? Do you wish me to understand that you repudiate your engagement with me? Am I to be made a jest in the papers and in the world of society because you say you are in love with some one else?"

Mildred, her tears dried, her bosom heaving, was looking piteously from one to the other. The duke had never seemed so worthy before; and it seemed to her that he was proving himself what she had all along believed him to be; and yet she could not see any hope in the future for him outside of the rut which his poverty and the customs of his class had made for him to move in. He was poor and had been taught the aristocracy of idleness, so that he had been deprived of the power to initiate any movement looking toward his emancipation from the unproductive habits of his class.

"My God! what a worthless fool I am!" the duke cried.

AH, yes!" said Kit. "Better acknowledge that at once and save yourself a lot of trouble. You have nothing to offer a poor girl but worse poverty, and a hopeless future."

"You are needlessly cruel, Kit," Mildred ejaculated; then turned pityingly to the duke and said tenderly: "I appreciate the feeling you expressed for me, and am not insulted by it. Everything is wrong that leads up to such a situation as this, but I am powerless to suggest a remedy. You may not break your engagement without dishonor, though it seems to me that to keep it means still greater dishonor. You are brought to consider and to weigh your manhood in the scales against your title. I cannot help you by word or act. My own position is no less cruel than your own. Miss Dunlop is my greatest benefactor. She saved me from——"

"This is needless, Mildred," Kit said quickly.

"No, it is necessary. She saved me from infamy when it seemed as if escape for me was impossible. She has treated me as if I were her sister instead of her dependent. And yet, she has thrust me upon you in such a way that this wretched complication was almost inevitable, though I had not the wit to foresee it."

"Do you love me, Mildred?" the duke asked, his blue eyes glowing with a new light and his voice ringing firmer than ever it had done before.

"Of what avail can it be to answer that question?"

"You have no right to ask her such a question," Kit cried.

"If I paid you back your fifty thousand dollars, would I have the right?" he asked.

"You cannot do it, since the money has gone to England, as I happen to know, and has been used by your mother."

"But if I paid it back?"

"Then by the terms of the contract you would have the right to break your engagement with me."

Kit smiled easily as she answered, and turned from him to Mildred, who, pale and distressed, had listened. The duke now turned to her.

I DO not know how I can pay that money," he said to her, "but I shall try to do so. If I do so I shall seek you and ask you again if you love me.

If you tell me that you do, I shall find some way of making you my wife. Aha! love is indeed a magician when he can clear up a brain like mine."

Kit laughed outright. "Why listen to him, Mildred! He talks like an American now. Why not give him his answer now? So far as I am concerned you may. It does not matter to me whether you and he love each other or not, so that it is understood that he keeps his contract with me. I am not afraid that he can pick up fifty thousand dollars."

"Take her at her word, Mildred," the duke said eagerly. "Do you love me?"

"Oh, Kit!" wailed the poor girl. "What shall I say to him?"

"Say what you please. Tell him the truth; and so that you may not be embarrassed I will leave you. But don't forget that, until he finds fifty thousand dollars, he belongs to me."

The door closed on her and the duke caught up Mildred's hand, saying passionately:

"I know you do love me, Mildred; I cannot be mistaken. And my love for you has given me the strength I lacked. Do not be afraid, dear, to say you love me, for the case is not so hopeless, as I will explain to you. Remember that Miss Dunlop cares nothing for me. It is the title she wants, and she may have it for all I care; but me she shall not have. Tell me that you love me!"

"Yes, I do. But no, you must come no closer. I love you, but I will consent to nothing that conflicts with highest honor."

"Nor will I, Mildred dear. You still think there is no hope. Listen! The next in line to the title is a distant cousin, who has some money; not much, it is true, but at least fifty thousand dollars. I know him well enough to be sure that, if I give up the title to him, he will give me the money to repay Miss Dunlop, and will marry her gladly."

"But how can you give him the title?"

"By turning American citizen and abrogating all my rights over there. Then I will ask a friend of mine to help me to some kind of work. By jove, there's nothing I don't do for your sake. And we'll be married. Oh, Mildred!"

(Continued on page 26)

Bucking into the Movies—
or the letters of a self-made daughter to a doting Ma

New York City, 1921.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 30th insult received and read with the usual pleasure. You say you have decided to change the show the Ladies' Aid Society is going to give from "Mack Beth" to "The Merchant of Venice," at Lem Watson's request, because Lem feels that, him being keeper of the general store, a play about merchants would suit him better. And, owing to the fact that Lem holds a mortgage on the Hog Run Opera House, you have decided that it might be best to humor him, and, me being familiar with the dramatic business, so to speak, you want me to send the plot of the show to you. I would like to oblige, but inasmuch as just at present I am in no condition, physical or mental, to look up anything, I will have to wait and give you the information you want next time.

To-day we went out on location, a proceeding during which I had a very harrowing, not to say demoralizing experience. "Going on location," maw, is not jazzed grammar, which it sounds like, but means going outside the studio to take scenes. Most scenes, from a Scandinavian grocery store to an Iowa pig

Obtained a sudden and painful strangle-hold on my big toe.

pen, is built right on the stage, but there are some things which are impossible to build with any success. To-day, for instance, the story called for sea scenes and, as it would have been a trifle inconvenient to reconstruct the Atlantic Ocean there in the studio, we accordingly went to the ocean.

The story was supposed to be one about smuggling, and me and two dilapidated looking hombres was selected to impersonate the smugglers. Inasmuch as we was supposed to be concealing our smuggling habits by appearing like honest fishermen, I had to makeup as a fisherman's daughter, which makeup consisted in removing my shoes and stockings and assuming a hard-boiled expression of the features.

One of my associates in crime, the bird who was playing a dual role, so to speak, as my father and as the smuggling chief, was a large individual with a face the general complexion of a ripe tomato, and who wore a set of those peculiar ear-to-ear whiskers which look like they had originally been clipped from the fringe of a rug. The other smuggler was an undersized little shrimp with a size 13 neck and size 12 feet, and who should of been a wonder as a traffic cop, being so thoroughly cross-eyed that he could easily look in all four directions at once. Whether we was supposed to be engaged in smuggling diamonds, white slaves, or booze I never found out, as the catastrophe I have mentioned happened before we got that far.

It all started when the three of us was assigned to a sea-going john-boat and told we was to be photographed while we were rowing homewards after a successful lobster-hunt, we being in our character of more or less honest fishermen at the time. A lobster, maw, is a marine insect which looks much like a cross between a centipede and a pair of ice-tongs. It is provided at the front end with a pair of large pinchers of about the size and general efficiency of young grappling hooks, and wears a kind of a fish tail at the other end. Its personal habits include a great determination, no intelligence whatever, and a violent prejudice against the human race in general. Also, for some reason known only to itself, it travels backwards.

I don't know what method you use in hunting lob-

Me and two dilapidated looking hombres, etc.

sters, whether you sprinkle salt on their tails or sneak up behind them in the dark and harpoon 'em. But, anyway, we apparently had had a fairly successful day of it, having several dozen of the animals parked in the bottom of the boat in a lobster trap, which same is a wire affair much like a very mature mouse trap.

Well, we rowed out about a hundred yards or so from shore, turned around, then the Director yelled "Camera!" and they started to take the scene as we come rowing in.

I was so engrossed into putting all the dramatic ability I had into the manipulation of my oar that I clean forgot for the moment the proper disposition of vulnerable portions of my anatomy. Which carelessness proved to be a serious strategical error, so to speak. Because the minute one of my bare feet dropped to within reaching distance of that lobster trap, one of the pugnacious inhabitants therein shot a big claw through the wires and obtained a sudden and painful strangle-hold on my big toe. Maybe some

Get up and walk ashore!

people can maintain an air of calm composure and dignity when a combative lobster is engaged in carrying on a violent flirtation with their big toe, but I'll tell the world I'm not one of the number so gifted.

I swung the nearest thing handy, which happened to be an oar. But the cross-eyed individual's head happened unfortunately to be in the way and, after I'd play a two-cushion carom shot off his skull and the side of the boat, my aim naturally wasn't all it should have been and, instead of hitting the claw I

Somebody told me that the sign read, "Warning, Do Not Lean Over Edge of Platform."

was aiming at, I merely succeeded in very thoroughly wrecking the lobster trap, and promptly liberating all the inhabitants thereof in the process.

"Who the heck do you think you are—Babe Ruth?" snarled the cross-eyed shrimp very unpleasant like, rubbing the middle of his bald spot.

But I didn't condescend to argue the question having all I could do in another direction about then. Every lobster in that blooming boat seemed to have just one aim and overwhelming ambition in life, that being to acquire a claw-hold somewhere on my anatomy. Hearing the commotion and sounds of battle, the fat individual with the trick whiskers turned around and like to of killed himself laughing at me. But just as he was enjoying himself the most, a lobster on a little private scouting expedition of its own acquired an enthusiastic claw-hold in the general vicinity of the seat of his trousers, and the whiskered marvel promptly lost his sense of humor and his temper at the same time. The cross-eyed bird, also, quit rubbing his skull, having other and more pressing uses for both hands.

About that time, I decided that death by drowning was far preferable to a further sojourn in a boat-load

Save me yuh poor hicks!

of man-eating lobsters, and I accordingly got up to jump. But, unfortunately he of the whiskers had the same idea at the same time and as we both stood up on the same side the boat beat us to it and capsized. Consequence was that, instead of making a graceful swan-dive or anything like that, I hit the wild waves in a thoroughly flat position and with a sound accompaniment suggestive of a violent accident in a powder factory.

After inhaling enough salt water to last a flourishing pickle factory for a week during the rush season, I finally came to the surface again after an extended sojourn with the fishes and, by dint of super-human athletic efforts, managed to stay there temporarily.

"Save me, yuh poor hicks! Are you going to stand by and watch a lady drown?" I gasped kinda indignant to my two late associates who was clinging to the bottom of the boat and watching the scene with a great deal of satisfaction.

"No such luck!" retorted the whiskered one kinda sarcastic like. "Barring a tidal wave, you won't drown. You see," he said, letting go the boat and starting to walk to shore, "unfortunately, it happens that the water is only about three feet deep here."

Which I guess will be all for this time, as I will have to spend the rest of the time before going to bed in applying arnica and linament, having had another accident on the subway coming home which just about succeeded in ruining those few portions of my anatomy which the lobsters had overlooked. I was standing on the platform waiting for a train and, seeing a sign which looked interesting over on the other side, I tried to read it. I guess I must of leaned too far over the edge of the platform or something because, almost before I knew it, I suddenly found myself sitting all dazed in the middle of the track. Fortunately for the future of the dramatic art, however, a cop and a volunteer wrecking crew managed to rescue me before any casualties resulted. Somebody told me afterwards that what the sign said was: "Warning; Do Not Lean Over Edge of Platform."

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

Sophie Potts

* * * * *

Four Innocents in Movieland

An Artistic and Industrial Romance

VII. SHOOTING A SCENE

N——— leading the way, the four tourists,—the girl, the matron, the young business man and the westerner,—opened a door, and found themselves once more on the big upper stage of the studio. The scene before them was one of such amazingly varied and interesting activities that they paused for a moment, spellbound.

Imagine, if you can, a great high-ceilinged room approximately two hundred feet in length and a hundred feet wide. Place at one end of the floor a quaint old French garden parctically intact, with winding gravelled walks lined with real, living flowers in full bloom, the velvet green of its lawn broken by beds containing still more growing plants in radiant flower, a gnarled old cherry-tree flinging wide great branches fairly loaded with exquisite lavendar-white bloom, and over the moss-grown old stone wall at the back of the garden, the gray weathered front of an antique mansion rising.

Then imagine at one side of the great room, or stage, a grim, gloomy arched entrance of heavy stone-work, the grim inscription "Newgate Gaol" lettered over its somber portals. Then, but a few feet away from this prison front, imagine yourself peering into a richly furnished library in an old Russian castle, with a slender girl in Russian dress seated at a heavy carven table in the center, head buried in her arms and sobbing as though her heart would break.

Then, at the other side of the stage, imagine a street scene entire, apparently transported bodily from the very heart of Pekin or Hong Kong, quaint little houses with lattice-work fronts, a gaudy restaurant entrance brave in gilt and tinsel and swinging lanterns, a temple with gracefully curving roof, the bronze figure of an idol faintly visible within the performed dusk of its interior,—and a group of jostling, chattering, gesticulating Chinese filling the whole street, in every costume from the robes and coral-topped headgear of a mandarin to the loin-cloth of a coolie, and a disreputable, misshapen beggar crouching in his rags at the temple entrance.

Imagine all these things,—French garden, English prison portals, Russian library, and Chinese street,—and you can begin to visualize a part of the wonderful scene which was spread before the tourists' eyes there on the great stage. And the four major sets we have named made up but a part of it. A number of smaller sets and bits of settings,—stone walls, temple niches, boudoir corners, and a host of others,—were scattered here and there ovr the big floor, wherever there was a scrap of room available. The space over each set, big and little, was literally filled with many square batteries of queer tubular lights which sent a vivid flood of green-blue light over everything, giving the whole a peculiar, unearthly look, almost, in their weird radiance. In addition to these batteries of tubular lights, great spot-lights mounted on portable skeleton towers and trucks were scattered about apparently indiscriminately, some shooting forth rays of intense white light, others giving a diffused warm radiance exactly like bright sun-light.

WALLIE AND HIS MOTHER

Engrossed in the scene before them, the attention of the other three tourists was suddenly distracted by an incredulous little cry from the girl who was looking intently at a little group of people who were chatting over in a comparatively quiet corner of the stage, her attention fixed particularly on a big handsome chap in a gray suit who was flashing a cheerful smile which looked like the real thing as he spoke to the well-groomed matronly woman at his side. "Oh!" gasped the girl breathlessly, "is it,—is it really *him?*"

"Yes, Ethel," answered N———, smiling at her frank hero-worship, "that is the one and only Wallace Reid himself, and the lady by his side is none other than his mother. Wallie is here in the East to appear in "Peter Ibbetsen," the play in which the French garden and the Newgate Gaol sets are required."

"And will we have a chance to watch Mr. Reid at work, then?" asked the girl eagerly.

"I'm afraid not. Wallie isn't scheduled for any scenes this afternoon and, even if he were, I doubt very much whether George Fitzmaurice, who is directing "Peter Ibbetsen," would allow us to look on. Many directors dislike to have an audience while they are working, you know, and Fitzmaurice has a particular eversion to it. Indeed, when he is ready to shoot a scene, he has the entire set screened off, and spectators outside the immediate members of his working unit haven't the ghost of a chance to watch the work. So I'm afraid we will have to content ourselves with some of the other scenes now being shot."

The little party started across the big stage, stopping for a moment to admire the beauties of the garden, with its picturesque tree, and its flowers growing in the thin layer of soil which had been spread over the studio floor. It was the girl who first noticed a peculiar thing.

"Why, auntie!" she exclaimed, catching a sudden glimpse of the matron's face as the latter turned from examining a particularly attractive blossom. "What on earth is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Am I ill?" repeated the matron, puzzled. "Why, certainly not! Why ask such a question as that?"

"But, your face!" exclaimed the girl. "It's all mottled purplish and greenish and looks positively *ghastly!*"

N——— broke in laughingly. "Your own face looks exactly the same way, Ethel," he said. "It's nothing to be alarmed about, but is merely an appearance caused by the intense violet rays of the Cooper-Hewitt lights. These lights give a queer tinge to everything and, in addition, tend to make the skin seem transparent, so that the little blood-vessels near the surface show through, the net-work giving that peculiar mottled appearance to the features. See, my face is the same way. That is the reason why movie players must use such a thick coating of grease-paint in their make-up, in order that their skin may seem opaque to the camera."

Leaving the garden set, they continued their journey across the stage, picking their way with some little difficulty among the many lines of rubber hose which writhed snake-like over the floor in every direction.

"What's the idea of all the hose, George?" asked the young business man. "Part of your equipment for making rain to order?"

"Oh, no. They are a part of the lighting system, containing the electric wires feeding all these lights. Where so many wires carrying fairly voltages are about, considerations of safety absolutely demand that they be heavily insulated."

STARS HAVE INDIVIDUAL FURNITURE

"Stars have their own individual furniture, apparently," commented the westerner as they passed several canvas steamer-chairs, the back of each stencilled with the name of a well-known player.

"For use between scenes," enlightened N———. "The directors are also provided with individual chairs."

"But what are those queer little things like bath-houses?" puzzled the matron, pointing to several small booth-like structures, almost like miniature cottages, which were scattered about the stage, being located adjacent to a set in every instance.

"Those are what are known as 'stage dressing-rooms,'" answered N———, "and are for the use of stars only, feminine stars, particularly, needing them to keep their make-up and costume in trim while working. As you can see, each bears the name of an individual player. They are portable and can readily be moved from one set to another as occasion requires."

"Well," he said, as they came out in a small cleared space some twenty feet or so in front of the Chinese street scene, "we'll first watch them while they shoot some so-called 'mob stuff.' I believe they are about ready to begin camera work here on this set."

In the center of the small cleared space was a low wooden platform about six feet square, and upon this was mounted on moving picture camera with its tripod. A shirt-sleeved camera-man was loading a fresh reel of film into the magazine of the camera, and at his side stood a rather young man with a megaphone, who looked far more like a successful young business man than one of the unkempt, putteed, slave-driving Directors the tourists had always pictured to themselves. At one side of the platform lounged nonchalantly an individual whose offices the tourists were unable to surmise for the moment,—a slender, placid Chinaman in an exceedingly soiled white suit, an unbroken serenity of expression of his face.

"What's the idea of the 'life-lines' ?" asked the young business man, pointing to ropes which were stretched in either direction from the camera-platform to the wings of th eset.

"They mark off the range, or field, of the camera, and insure that no outsider will come blundering into the picture while the scene is being photographed. An electrician in khaki, for instance, would look a little out of place in the midst of a Chinese mob."

Just then the Director finished conferring with the camera-man, whose instrument was now loaded and ready, and turned to the placid individual of the soiled white suit, and the tourists at once realized the important part played by that gentleman in the work to be done. He was to act as interpreter and, without his offices, progress with the chattering mob of Orientals grouped about in the set would have been practically impossible, for few, if any, of the crew either spoke or understood a word of English.

"All right," said the Director, "we're ready to take the scene. Lights!"

Instantly the waiting electricians turned on the big spot-lights, and the bluish tinge of the scene changed to a bright white.

"SAVE YOUR LIGHTS"

"All right, Henry," said the Director, turning to the interpreter, "tell them we're ready to begin. Have that fat shop-keeper run out of his place when I give the word, stand there looking at the doors of the restaurant for a minute registering fear, then scuttle into the temple. Tell the rest of the gang just to move casually about and, above all things, *not* to look at the camera!"

"Henry" nodded his head gravely to show that he understood, then turned to the mob and poured forth a stream of clacking gutturals and hissing consonants which sounded like a defective boiler in action. But he was apparently understood, for order at once came out of seeming chaos in the chattering crowd, and each individual promtply glided to his appointed place.

The Director swept the scene quickly to be sure that everything was shipshape, then barked "Camera!" Immediately the camera began its monotonous purring song, the Director snapped terse instructions to "Henry" who promptly forwarded them in his outlandish jargon,—and the scene was being shot.

"That'll do," said the Director at length. "Cut." The song of the camera ceased. "Save your lights," he called to the electricians, and the spot-lights went off, leaving the blue rays of the Cooper-Hewitts alone. "Well, that wasn't so bad for a first shot. We'll change them around a bit now and try it again."

While he was speaking, an assistant had run out in front of the camera and held up a placard bearing various figures and symboles, which card the camera-man photographed with several turns of the crank.

"What's the idea of photographing the placard?" asked the westerner.

"Among other reasons, in order that the number and identifying data concerning the scene just taken may be conveniently recorded for reference when the film is run off in the projection-room during the process of cutting and editing."

By now, the proposed changes in the grouping had been made, the spot-lights had come on and the camera started in response to the Director's orders, and the scene was being shot again. All went smoothly for a minute, then,—

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the Director suddenly. "Cut! That chap there in front of the restaurant queered the whole thing by staring straight into the lens of the camera!"

The assistant ran out with the scene-placard to be photographed, but this time, instead of the figures and symbols, it bore the cryptic legend, "N. G."—No Good.

"All right, Henry," said the Director, "we'll try it again. And this time tell the plump old boy with the billy-goat whiskers to, for the love of his paternal ancestors, quit trying to stare the camera out of countenance! Tell him to look *away* from it! Camera!"

At this point, at N———'s suggestion, the tourists left the Chinese set and moved on to another section of the stage.

"Well, you've seen mob stuff being taken with extras alone," said N———, as they threaded their devious way through various smaller sets, "and now we'll take a brief glimpse at a star at work."

Rounding the corner of a temple set, they found themselves in front of the Russian library interior. At one side a camera-man ground steadily away at the crank of his machine, a shirt-sleeved Director called low orders to the slender young woman seated at a table in the set, while behind him a girl made rapid and voluminous notes of the whole proceeding.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Is Bobbed Hair Woman's Crowning Glory?

~some male stars say No! ~ but more say Yes!

"Woman's crowning glory is her bobbed hair!"

That's the Hollywood version of the famous quotation.

In the moving picture colony seventy-five per cent of the feminine players (and some of the masculine ones as well) have cut their tresses and are wearing the famous Dutch cut.

Some part it in the middle, some on the side and some comb it straight back from the forehead.

And all the famous male stars have their opinions of the girls with no use for hairpins.

Mr. Chaplin's actions speak for themselves. Recently he personally bobbed the hair of his bride-to-be, pretty little May Collins. So it's certain that the little comedian favors the shorn locks.

Bert Lytell loves all the bobbed haired lassies.

But there are some especially the married ones, who would rather see the hair piled high in rolls and puffs and one famous very-much-married star offers the explanation.

"Bobbed hair on an attractive woman is suggestive of the cigarette and the "devilish" cocktail and married men don't like to see them because it is suggestive of their bachelor days and their freedom."

"Then again it is absurd for every woman to cut her hair simply because it is a fad. There are some who look ridiculous. They not only lose their dignity but a great deal of their charm. Not every face can stand bobbed hair. It will show up the defects, you know."

Madame Nazimova was one of the first in the profession to bob her hair. Madame is short, slender and vivacious. Irene Castle who originated the Castle clip is of another type. She is slender but inclined to be tall and lacks the animation of Madame Nazimova.

Mary Thurman of the perfect figure and the auburn hair is most original in her mode of hairdressing. Hers suggests Egypt and seductive perfumes.

But the most popular "clip" is the little-bit-longer-than-Dutch that comes to nape of the neck and is curled. Shannon Day, who is small, and very much like Nazimova in size has worn hers this way since she deserted the Follies for the screen. It is boyish and comfortable. But the casting directors always remember the bobbed hair and cast her in roles of the saccharine ingenues and "baby vamps."

"So I am going to let my hair grow again," says Shannon, "and see if they won't take me seriously and give me parts that call for real work, real thought, and will contribute to the making of a great production."

Wanda Hawley recently cut her hair for one picture. May Allison did the same. Helen Jerome Eddy did it months ago for "The Cook of Canyon Camp" in which she supported George Beban.

To name the bobbed haired girls in the pictures would be to publish a "Who's Who on the Screen."

William P. Carleton takes the stand that bobbed hair is a passing fad which most girls would do well to ignore.

"Of course it takes considerable temerity for mere man to venture an opinion, but, personally, I prefer long tresses. Bobbed hair is—just bobbed hair, the same yesterday, to-day and maybe forever.

"The infinite variety of new and becoming coiffures is lost. Bobbed hair robs a woman of an opportunity to dress her tresses in conformity of various roles she may be called upon to play. Of course there is always the wig, but I have yet to find the woman who honestly likes to wear other hair than her own.

"And, while I am somewhat averse to the role of a prophet, I think bobbed hair has seen its heyday. I consider it a return to sanity on the part of the fair sex.

"I make but one exception. There is perhaps one girl in one hundred whose hair should be kept bobbed, and she is the girl who looks better with short hair than any other way. Woman's eternal quest is beauty—but she often goes off at a tangent and it takes her a long time to get back on the main trail."

Buster Keaton, the pint-size comedian, who recently married the third Talmadge girl, Natalie, has forgotten that girls ever wore long hair. His bride's dark curly hair is bobbed. His leading woman, Virginia Fox also wears the famous Castle clip and his best pals, Alice Lake and Viola Dana, not forgetting Shirley Mason, were three of the first picture stars on the coast to rid themselves of the superfluous tresses.

"It's such a sane, normal way to wear the hair," says Buster, "I don't understand why there's any doubt about it. I'm for it."

Mary Thurman is most original in her headress..

Very becoming to Seena Owen.

Julia Faye looks sweet and pretty..

Wanda Hawley recently bobbed her hair for one picture..

Looks boyish and comfortable on Shannon Day..

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

(*Continued from page 22*)

CHAPTER XXXIV

Kit Surrenders

TOM had left Kit so perturbed that he had no heart for frivolties of any sort. He knew he could not be alone in his own rooms, and was little likely to be left undisturbed if he went to the club, which he had been made a member of through Jack's influence. So he went to the offices of the Crazy Snake Mining Company and set about writing letters.

In the midst of his work he was startled by the ring of the telephone at his desk. It was seldom that any one called him up, and he therefore took up the receiver listlessly.

"Hello! is this Mr. Giles?"

"Yes."

"Wait a minute."

He waited, wondering who could be calling him up there. The next instant there came another query, but this time in the voice of all voices he preferred to hear.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Giles?"

"Is that you, Kit?"

"I thought you'd be down there. Say, Tom! I want to see you up here."

"All right. When?"

"When will it be convenient?"

"I'll start this instant."

"Thank you! Oh, I say, Tom! If you should happen to meet the duke on the way, try to avoid him. I want to talk to you first."

"All right."

"Or, if you can't help hearing him, refuse to do a thing until you have had time to consider. You know you have promised to help me. I need your help now."

"I am glad I can help you. You need not fear that the duke will talk to me. I shall take care of that."

"You'll be right up, then?"

"I have only to put my hat on."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Three-quarters of an hour later Tom was in the library of the Dunlop mansion, holding Kit's hand in his, while his eyes were demanding of her what it was she wished him for. She began without preface:

"Sit down, Tom! You have told me that you would help me when I needed help, and so I have sent for you. Have you seen the duke?"

"No."

"Well, I am sure he will seek you. He is in love with Mildred, as you said he was, and Mildred is in love with him; but they cannot be married unless some one with money helps them out. You see I have paid fifty thousand dollars down to bind the bargain, and——"

"Was it really done in that way, Kit?" he asked, with a look of scorn he could not hide.

"Oh, yes, it was a regular bargain and sale. But there was a clause in the contract that on repayment of the money the duke should be released."

"And the duke wishes to be released because he loves Mildred?"

"Quite so, and I am sure he knows no one but you who has the money and likely to let him have it. You won't let him have it, will you?"

"No."

"That's right. I fancy I have forestalled him. Of course it will be hard on them, for they really seem to be in love."

"How unlike you all this seems, Kit!" Tom sighed.

"Why don't you say unworthy? You know that's what you mean."

"Yes, it is what I mean, Kit; but I am putting no obstacles in your way, so what does it matter what I mean?"

IT doesn't matter at all, Tom. By the way! there is another thing: I have an idea the duke has some other scheme in his brain, which has been mighity livened up by this sudden plunge into love. I think he has some notion of trying to sell his title to the next in line of inheritance, turning American citizen and going to work."

"Kit! Do you think that can be true? Would he go so far as that?"

"I have reason to think so."

"Then he is truly in love, and in deadly earnest."

"Yes, he expects to get enough from the next heir to pay me back, and hopes to reimburse the new duke by marrying him to me. Of course I don't suppose there is anything in the plan; it looks wild to me. What do you think?"

"I am afraid it is wild, as you say. Poor fellow!"

"You are not wasting pity on him, I hope."

"No, I am not wasting it, Kit, but I am giving it. He is to be pitied. Think of the wretched waste that has been made of his life! See him, now, when he should be able to offer his love and his protection to Mildred, being obliged to squirm out of a sale that has been made of him. Why, I think it is the most pitiful thing I ever heard of. The whole affair is infamous."

"You forget that I am a part of the affair, it seems," Kit said.

"No, I forget nothing; I——" he stopped at the very rise of his indignation, and, after looking steadfastly at her for a few moments, drew a long breath and went on calmly: "As a matter of fact, perhaps I think of more than you. Do you realize that one of your rivals would give the money in a minute for the chance of capturing the other heir?"

"Perhaps, even, for the sake of spoiling my success."

"Yes; there are those who would pay so great a price as that to come between you and success. So something must be done at once. We have so much money that we can buy the services of any kind of people. We can find the other heir and pay him to refuse; we can put a detective on the duke's track and stand ready to ruin any plan he may make for finding employment. I am sure we can force him to keep his contract with you. Money will do anything, Kit."

"Aren't you ashamed to talk like that to me, Tom Giles? Do you think I would stoop to anything so small and mean?" cried Kit, indignantly.

"Why, as to that, Kit, I don't think what I have proposed is a bit smaller on meaner, if as much so, as your throwing those two innocents together until they fell in love with each other."

"I couldn't help their falling in love."

"You needn't have thrown them together."

"I didn't ask you up here to criticize me. I wanted help."

"And help I am willing to give; only I am sure you will reject anything I propose. Nevertheless, I have another plan if you would like to hear it."

"Go on."

"Those two are in love with each other?"

"Yes."

"Well, let them be married, then. That is the best way out of that. You give them a little money to live on, and I will find work for the duke. I'd rather like to have a duke in my employ."

Kit looked at him for a few moments, with a very grave face, and then, without relaxing a muscle, said quietly:

"That is precisely what I have been meaning to do all the time."

"So I thought," cried Tom, opening his arms and rushing at her.

"But I didn't say I meant that," said Kit, trying to hold him off from her.

"But you do, Kit, you DO! Don't keep me in suspense any longer. You have played with me with downright cruelty; and I don't know, now, where you would have led me if I had not seen through you. Kit, darling!"

"Well, if you really want me, after all," she said, and let him take her in his strong arms, where she remained speechless for no small space of time.

"Oh, Kit!" he murmured, still holding her as if he feared to let her get away from him, "it seemed as if this time would never come."

"I knew it was coming," she sighed, letting her head fall contentedly on his broad breast.

"How long ago?" he asked.

I WAS afraid of it before I left New York; I was positively sure of it when you returned. I knew it when I went to bed that night after you had been here to dinner.

"And yet you went on with the duke?"

"I was perverse, Tom, at first; then I became frightened and made Mildred entertain the duke, because I knew I never would be the wife of anybody but you. Then the duke and Mildred fell in love with each other, and I knew everything would turn out just as I wanted it to."

"Are you going to make the duke turn American?"

"Why should I? No, I am going to give Mildred all she needs as an American heiress, and then let her go over there and purify the bad blue blood of England."

"And I'll be permitted to add a few of my easily earned dollars?"

"All you wish."

"Does Mildred know?"

"Of course. I told her as soon as the duke was gone, and she is crying in her room yet, if I know anything about her. Yes," she went on with a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes, "I told Mildred she could have the duke, because I was going to send for you and propose to you."

"You haven't done it yet. Won't you, please?"

"Will you let me be your wife, Tom?"

"Will I?" and he began to devour her.

"Well," she said, when she was free again, "you haven't said yes, but I fancy that is what you mean."

"Yes, I will accept you," he said as soberly as he could, though his happiness was so ecstatic that it seemed as if it must find expression only in the most passionate words and caresses.

"Come, now," she said, "I'd like to know for how long you have been sure of me. If you only knew how you've exasperated me by your air of power and self-assurance. Sometimes I've been almost minded to marry somebody else, if only to show you that you were not irresistible."

"But I haven't been a bit sure; I have suffered the torments of the damned, Kit. Only a few minutes ago, when your eyes gave the lie to your heartless words did I realize that you had brought this complication about, and that you really were tne same true-hearted Kit of the old days."

"And you hadn't faith enough in me to believe me true before? Oh, Tom! I never doubted you."

"I never tried to deceive you. But what about this dinner which Mrs. Huntley-Currie is to give in your honor?"

"Do you think I shall go to it? Not I! I would not go into their rotten old society—their Alimony Club—for anything. I have been amusing myself at their expense. I did want to get into it, and I came home meaning to move heaven and earth to accomplish my purpose, but it was too easy, Tom. Why it isn't a question of brains, or breeding, or pedigree, or manners, but just cold, hard money. Who will spend enough in advertising and entertaining who will do the most bragging in the papers; who will put up the biggest bluff, as we used to say in dear old Arizona. No; the dinner will go on without me, if it goes on at all."

"And what are we to do, then You and I, Kit, dear."

"That is for you to say, Tom. If you like—I would, I know—we'll go back to Arizona, put on torn calico and big boots and live under the hot sky. Shall that be it?"

"I'd like to try it, but I don't believe we'd like that now, Kit. Besides there's work to do in the world, and I would like to be in it."

"Well, I'll work with you, Tom. I don't care what it is, so it's with you. Only I hope you won't go into society."

CHAPTER XXXV

In Conclusion

THE great event of which society had talked so much for so many days, and about which the newspapers had had columns and columns of gossip, was on the very point of coming off.

Mrs. Huntley-Currie, reconciled by the success of her dinner—as the accepted invitations promised—to her disagreeable task of bringing out the Western heiress, had arranged every detail of the evening, so that when the time came for her to stand in her drawing-room, in a new gown which the papers had assured their readers had been especially made for the occasion in Paris, to greet her guests, she was in the best of humors.

She was annoyed, as the minutes went by, not to see the guests of honor; and when all the other guests had arrived and still neither the duke nor Kit put in an appearance, she was more than annoyed; she was filled with a vague alarm. The guests, too, began to discuss the matter in low tones, and finally Mrs. Cashleigh, who was famous for her sharp tongue, and whose grandfather had begun life with a peddler's pack on his back, said to her perturbed hostess:

"I don't see the duke here, Mrs. Huntley-Currie; but I suppose you feel sure of him since he is a member of your family." She knew very well that the duke had for several days been sharing the apartments of Tom Giles. "I suppose your Western heiress is late because she has read somewhere that it is fashionable not to be on time."

Mrs. Huntley-Currie was too greatly disturbed to make any answer to this; nor had she anything to say to any of them that came, one after another, to insult her with a condolence or a veiled, gibe, though she did have the fortitude to smile with seeming serenity into each mocking face.

It is the way in society, as in the other stages of savagery, that when a leader begins to totter the members of the band stand ready to strike at and hoot him. When people live to so poor a purpose, cruelty is their pastime.

Perhaps some suspicion of impending trouble trickled even through the poor woman's own ignorance, for her guests, when they were not trying to stab her with their sharp words, were wondering together in whispers. And when, finally, a servant brought Mrs. Huntley-Currie a letter, there was a hush fell on the room.

Inwardly berating the servant for not having called her from the room, the society leader would have crushed the letter in her hand if it had not been too late for such a manoeuvre.

"From the duke," cried Mrs. Cashleigh, her eye catching sight of his coronet on the envelope. "Something has happened! Oh, do let us hear why his grace is not coming, dear Mrs. Huntley-Currie."

It was still possible to ask to be excused while she read the letter in another room, but to have done that would have been to open the door to rumors which she felt would be worse than the truth; so she only smiled in an indulgent way and tore open the envelope, taking care, however, to so stand that no one could read over her shoulder.

She was fortunate in having kept her wits so long, for the mere sight of the handwriting sent a chill through her and drew the blood from her face, so that her pallor would have been noticeable but for the providential coating of complexion with which it was covered.

The letter was written by Kit Dunlop, whose strongly marked characters were by this time familiar to the society leader; and, at once, the peculiarity of the whole combination of circumstances filled her with a sense of dread. Both the duke and Kit were absent, yet she wrote a letter which was inclosed in an envelope of his, the address on which was in his hand. She read:

"This will come to you, Mrs. Currie, or Mrs. Huntley-Currie, or Mrs. Crawford, when you will be expecting the Duke of Malton and me. We make our excuses to you for not being present and give our reasons. The duke prefers not to dine with you because he has decided to break his engagement with me——." Mrs. Huntley-Currie could not forbear to look up and give out this information, which would serve to take the attention of the company.

"The Duke of Malton asks to be excused because he has felt the necessity of breaking his engagement with Miss Dunlop. This will explain her absence also."

There was a chorus of cries at this, and question after question was cast at her; but her eyes had run further down the page and had caught words which made her wish to be alone, so she looked up with a ghastly smile and begged to be excused while she wrote a hasty note of congratulation to the duke.

WITH that she swept magnificently from the room, and went with dignity until she was out of sight of all prying eyes ,when she fled to her own ittle parlor and locked herself in, while with hot eyes she read the remained of the letter.

"——and I prefer not to dine with you because I would wish to be more choice in my associates. The duke having turned away from me, I shall find what comfort I can in marrying Mr. Tom Giles, he having had an affection for me for many years. The Duke of Malton, still preferring an American girl to any other, has decided to give his title, as he has already given his heart, to your daughter, Miss Mildred Crawford.

"By the time that you read this we shall all have been married and out of the city. We shall go to Arizona, which is the source of our wealth. I tell you this because it will be in the papers to-morrow, I having engaged a page in each of several papers for the purpose. It will please you to know that the Duchess of Malton owns a large block of shares in the Crazy Snake Mining Company, so that she will be able to rehabilitate and maintain the Malton estates in proper style.

"If you wish you may give my opinion of society to your guests, but it will be needless, as the story of my attempt to break into society will be told in full in the morning papers. Nothing will be said to expose you, however; and to-morrow morning you will receive by a sure hand all the papers which would incriminate you.

KIT DUNLOP."

It is said that the stoicism of the red Indian is due, not to courage, but rather to a lack of sensitiveness. Perhaps the stoicism of the devotee of society is due to

(*Continued on page 31.*)

Eugene O'Brien Takes a Trip Aboard the Convict Ship "Success"

(Continued from page 7)

by the Chaplain conducting divine service on Sundays, outside the bolted door.

There was the Tiger's Den, so called on account of the tigerish ferocity of the prisoners imprisoned here.

We were nearly startled out of our wits when we peered into a cell and beheld what appeared to be the figure of a living man! The guide couldn't restrain a grin at our gasp of fright. "That's only a wax figure," he enlightened. "Every cell has the name of a prisoner above the door and the wax image of the man, reproduced as faithfully as photographs made it possible."

Interested by this information, we went from cell to cell, until a feeling of numb horror threatened to paralyze our limbs. A dizziness dimmed everything, for a moment. It was the realism of what was in those cells. Some of the faces were cruel; many, saddened and wearied by the hopelessness of it all; a few, savage and ready to fight at the least provocation.

'Gene was on his way down to the next deck, and we followed, dragging ourself mercilessly to a further example of brutality. On the lower deck, the worst type of prisoners were confined.

"How did they exercise; or did they?" 'Gene was asking.

EXERCISE

"Their only exercise was restricted to one hour in every twenty-four when they were marched from stem to stern upon the upper deck. The exceptionally high bulwarks prevented them seeing aught but a narrow strip of blue Australian sky directly overhead. From long confinement in the dark cells the eyesight of the convicts was generally ruined. You can imagine what the sudden transition from their black dens to the dazzling sunshine in their hour's respite meant.

"It was no uncommon thing for prisoners taking exercise to make a dash for freedom or death. They scarcely expected to get beyond the cordon of buoys, but they courted death rather than remaining in their 'ocean hell.' When a 'rusher' was caught, he was invariably punished by having a heavy ball of iron, weighing 72 pounds attached to his belt by a chain. As a rule a prisoner wore a ball of iron weighing 35 or 20 pounds. That's why the upper deck is so marred by holes, caused by these dragged weights."

"Several pictures were taken on this deck, but it was more than ye interviewer could physically endure. We made one mad dash for the upper deck, breathing in deep, gulping gasps of the pure cool air sweeping from over the Hudson River, and gazing with blurred eyes at the lovable blue of a clear summer sky.

DOWN THE GANGPLANK

There was one more picture, however. That of the Compulsory Bath, a deep hole formerly filled with salt water, where prisoners who had been flogged were stripped and thrown into the briny water that cut like so many needles into their torn flesh.

"By the way," we asked just before going down the gangplank, "who is the captain of this ship?"

"Captain Smith."

"Not John Smith?" hopefully.

"No," with a laugh. "Captain Dave Smith, who is also the owner."

And so we trundled down to the noisy river street and were buffetted about rudely by hurrying humanity who didn't give a continental whether they knocked one down or not. We suddenly became conscious of gazing at the Convict Ship with one eye and "in-humanity" with the other. What! questioningly, is it all wrong?

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TYPICAL THEATRE PESTS

The squirming young woman who tries to signal a friend in the balcony to come down and sit with her, and who makes an unmitigated nuisance of herself to everybody within range of her in the effort.

* * *

The child wonder who has a wonderfully developed bump of curiosity in place of a brain, and whose entire vocabularly apparently consists of the single expression "Whassat?"

* * *

The three feminine members of the "Saturday Afternoon Scandal Club" who apparently came into the theater for the sole purpose of staging an enthusiastic and very audible business meeting.

Where to find your favorite

Norma Talmadge is at work on the Jane Cowl success "Smilin' Through."

* * *

John Emerson is directing Constance Talmadge in "Good For Nothing."

* * *

George Sheldon Smith is playing the herald in "The Three Musketeers."

* * *

Goldwyn has purchased "Grand Larceny" by Albert Payson Terhune.

* * *

Frank Mayo's newest starring vehicle is "The Reverend Meddler."

* * *

Jack Mower is playing opposite Gladys Walton in "The Ark Angel."

* * *

Henry Walthal is to head an all star cast in a special production based on one of James Oliver Curwood's novels.

* * *

Earle Williams is completing "Bring Him In."

* * *

Harold Lloyd is completing "The Sky is the Limit."

* * *

May MacAvoy will soon begin work on "The Happy Ending."

* * *

Wallace MacDonald is directing Juanita Hansen in "A Western Princess" with Eddie Sutherland opposite the blonde star.

* * *

Sylvia Breamer is playing opposite Tom Moore in "The Man With Two Mothers."

* * *

John Stahl has signed Gaston Glass to play the lead in his new production.

* * *

George O'Hara has been signed to play opposite Shirley Mason in "Queenie."

* * *

Harry Beaumont will direct Viola Dana in "The Fourteenth Lover."

* * *

Rudolph Valentino will play the lead in "The Sheik" under the direction of George Melford.

* * *

James Cruze is directing Roscoe Arbuckle in "Via Fast Freight."

* * *

Tom Forman will direct Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was."

* * *

William De Mille has completed "After The Show."

* * *

Wallace Reid, Eilliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson are to be featured in "Rainbow's End."

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BETWEEN REELS

We note in a recent interview where a certain fair young movie star is quoted an nonchalantly discussing something or other as being "an undue accentuation of one's ego." And yet the reformers would have us believe that the movies are hopelessly low-brow!

* * *

Charles Ray's picture, "The Old Swimmin' Hole," is remarkable for not having a single sub-title in its entire length. It is rumored that confirmed subtitle readers have accordingly demanded that this picture be barred, on the grounds that it constitutes a "cruel and unusual punishment."

Miss Mildred Hay of Marietta, Ohio, Wins the Prize in the "Experience" Cast Contest

THE judges of "Movie Weekly's" Experience Contest, after examining thousands of manuscripts, have at last been able to decide upon the winner.

So many of our readers displayed ability at picking casts that there were more than two hundred correct answers; therefore the judges are awarding the prize to the one of these two hundred who submitted the best statement of reasons for his selection.

For those of our readers who did not see the announcement of the contest, we wish to explain that contestants were asked to pick part of the cast for the photoplay "Experience" from pictures published in "Movie Weekly," and pre-selected by the Paramount Company. After consultation with the postal authorities, it was decided that a prize contest could not be conducted with the correct answer previously determined, according to conditions that were given in our issue of June 11th.

The conditions were therefore changed slightly, as announced in the June 18th number, and the judges were authorized to make their selection of characters from their own opinions of the pictures published in "Movie Weekly." The award, therefore, is not based on the cast exactly as it will appear when the film is produced.

The winner of the $25 prize is Miss Mildred Hay, 513 Putnam St., Marietta, Ohio. Her answer follows:

Youth.....**Richard Barthelmess**
Love.....**Marjorie Daw**
Pleasure.....**Lilyan Tashman**
Excitement.....**Betty Carpenter**
Ambition.....**E. J. Radcliffe**
Hope.....**John Miltern**
Passion.....**Nita Naldi**
Intoxication.....**Helen Ray**
Prohibition.....**Leslie King**
Conceit.....**Robert Schable**
Despair.....**Harry J. Lane**

MISS HAY'S LETTER

The straightforwardness of Richard Barthelmess' gaze proclaims him to be "Youth" unspoiled by the world. His face lacks the hard lines of those who have battled with life.

Marjorie Daw is "Love," with her soft eyes full of appealing tenderness.

The costly apparel of Lilyan Tashman shows her to be "Pleasure," a little jaded, weary, and droopy with the endless round; a little dissipated.

"Excitement" is Betty Carpenter, with little devils of fun shining in her eyes.

"Ambition" is behind the shrewd eyes of Mr. Radcliffe. The eyes are the windows of the soul!

John Miltern's smooth brow, placid eyes, and kindly mouth show him to be "Hope."

Nita Naldi is "Passion," exotic, bizarre. She is a brunette, with fire in her gaze. It is the eyes which portray the character.

Helen Ray is "Intoxication," with her giddy attitude, dissipated expression, and her bacchanalian decorations.

Leslie King represents "Prohibition," with "Blue Laws" written across his countenance.

Robert Schable's slicked hair, modish clothing, and arched eyebrows show him to be "Conceit." His manner is that of a fop.

Harry J. Lane is "Despair," with his sagging mouth and stonily staring eyes.

Of course you can't all win prizes, when there is only one to be given, but so many contestants wrote good articles that we wish to give honorable mention to a few of them. We would mention more if our space would permit. These are a few of those whose articles pleased us and whose casts were correct:

Mrs. G. K. Lasher, Gloversville, N. Y.
Mr. Robert H. Thompson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Frances Mae Tuffy, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Alma Hatcher, Greenville, S. C.
Mr. Jack Miegel, Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. Wm. P. Mountford, Trenton, N. J.
Miss G. Virginia Bryan, Germantown, Pa.
Mrs. John Plummings, Dover, N. J.
Arthur Kucksdorf, Milwaukee. Wis.

❀ ❀ ❀

"Movie Weekly" takes this opportunity to thank its readers for the tremendous interest they have shown in this contest. We congratulate our readers upon the many clever answers which the "Experience" Editor received.

Of course it is impossible for the "Experience" Editor to return the thousands of manuscripts sent in, or to acknowledge them individually.

WE THANK YOU!

Tales Out-of-School About Eddie Polo

(*Continued from page* 19)

is to be afraid of anything, and he is not only the screen's greatest daredevil, but he is a daredevil in actual life.

"He enjoys driving at top speed high-powered racing cars, and mother and I never know when he will be brought home in pieces. There is not a single make of new car he does not investigate, and if he finds one which has more power, or which goes faster than the one he has at present, he immediately swaps cars. In fact he enjoys swapping cars as much as some men enjoy swapping horses. We each of us have our cars by the way—Eddie, mother and me—only ours don't go quite as fast as Eddie's.

"Dad's only trouble is that he is easily bored. He will begin to get restless and say: "For God's sake, this place is getting on my nerves, can't we go somewhere different?" And then the whole family has to pack in jig step and have a complete change.

"When he came back from Cuba where he filmed 'Do or Die,' his latest serial, that was the only time I have ever known him to be content to sit still for a few days. It sounds funny to say, but he caught an awful cold in Cuba and was miserable the whole time the company was staying in Havana. While he was acting in this serial he did a dive from the top of Morro Castle—a distance of more than 130 feet—into the moat, although he endangered his life by doing so.

The authorities gave him the first permission to use Morro Castle ever granted to any person before and he penetrated to all parts of the ancient fortress. He also was given the freedom of a Cuban gunboat, and the Cuban Cadets, corresponding to our West Pointers, also offered their services to make things realistic. Eddie, you know, said his daughter, "is very popular in all the Spanish-American countries."

"How long has your father been in pictures?" asked the interviewer. "About eight years," she answered, "and for nearly all of that time he has worked for Universal in serials. His next production will be a revival of the Cyclone Smith stories which were so much liked both here and abroad that they were played before King George and Queen Mary by special request. The new series are to be called 'The Return of Cyclone Smith.'

"We are very musical at our house. I really think that if my father had not taken up circus work he would have been a great musician, for he can play almost every instrument that you ever heard of. When he sees an instrument for the first time he only studies it for a few minutes before he begins to draw music from it, such is the ease with which he 'picks it up.' Eddie is very charitable and easily imposed upon. You have no idea how many people write him asking him for money—perfect strangers whom he has never heard about. He always answers them and often when mother and I know they are frauds, he gives them the money just the same."

REEL AND REAL

The intrepid serial heroine who so boldly pulls the lion's whiskers on the screen may in real life be a rather temperamental young woman who promptly climbs the furniture and screams if she hears a sound suggestive of a mouse.

* * *

The pugilistic hero who swings such a mean uppercut on the screen may in real life be a harmless sap who doesn't know whether a "left hook" is a blow or a fishing implement.

* * *

The seemingly helpless little ingenue in the photoplay may in real life be the sole support of a husky husband and two children.

From the Kitchen Table to Dramatic Stage

(*Continued from page* 11)

The following day I went to Mr. Burckhardt's office. He was not in, but his secretary told me the role had just been filled the previous afternoon. My disappointment was bitter. I went home and was so upset at the unexpected throttling of all hopes that I had to go to bed, where I stayed for an entire week.

FIRST APPEARANCE ON ENGLISH SPEAKING STAGE

At the end of that time, I received a letter from Mr. Buckhardt, asking me to call at once. I did, and was engaged for the coveted role in "Shattered Idols." The actress who had been engaged the week before had not made good, and . . .

At last I was in vaudeville! At last I had an English speaking part! At last I could leave the Bowery, having a foothold on bigger things. The Bowery theatres are just the stepping stones; every player who has aspirations and talents leaves after an apprenticeship. Take Nazimova, Ben-Ami, and others.

"Shattered Idols" was the beginning of new threads that wove in and out of my stage career. I played in this playlet for two years. One of the theatres I played was the Bushwick, in Brooklyn. I had always wanted to play at this theatre. Here it was I would come many times a week just to listen to the actors speak English, the better to strengthen my own knowledge of this language.

It was at the Bushwick Theatre that Florence Nash saw me play, which was the reason why I was engaged to play the part of the mother in "The Land of the Free," written by Fannie Hurst and starring Miss Nash. This was really my first appearance on Broadway, made at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre in August, 1918. It was an auspicious appearance, too, for the critics were generous in their criticism, praising me to the sky.

I could speak English, but my accent was noticeable. It was in "The Land of the Free" that Fannie Hurst and I became friends, and it was as a result of my work as the mother that I was engaged later to play the mother in the picturization of her story, "Humoresque."

My next Broadway appearance, the following year, was in "Why Worry," an A. H. Woods production, starring Fannie Brice, followed by the "Gentile Wife."

It is extraordinary how my interest in motion pictures was aroused. The New York critics praised my voice, which was of the deepness and softness of the contralto, and, in doing so, oftentimes overlooked my acting.

"I will show them," I pledged myself. "I will show them that I can convey emotions in pantomine without the use of the voice." And it was then that I decided to go into pictures when the time arrived.

OFF FOR LONDON

In 1919, Mr. Woods sent me to London to play in "Business Before Pleasure." I owe a great deal to Mr. Woods. If he had not assisted me in getting my passport vise, I never would have been able to go.

While in London, I went to the house where we had stayed on our arrival in 1906, when we first left Russia. It was still there. Furthermore, the same owners lived there, and, strange enough, they recognized me. Nothing would do but all four of us Gordons come to the house after theatre for a midnight supper and a general re-union celebration.

My boy was naturally interested in the house where he had been born and in those who had been his friends when he was a wee little bundle of humanity.

It was during the successful run of "Business Before Pleasure" that I received a cable from Fannie Hurst telling me to come right home to play a leading part in "Humoresque." I was excited at this new opportunity and was for going home without delay. Again my efforts were successful because of Mr. Wood's kindness in assisting me to get my passport.

"HUMORESQUE"

The production of "Humoresque" had been under way for a week when I arrived, so I may say that I went straight from the ship to the studio. Fannie Hurst had insisted that I was *the* one to play the role of Mama Kantor in "Humoresque," and it was because of her insistence that I was given the part, although miles away from New York and quite ignorant of what was transpiring.

In my second article, I will recount my experiences in pictures—and they are many.

(*Concluded in next week's issue.*)

TEN FILLERS AT YOUR SERVICE

* * *

By ∴ JOE ∴ SEPHUS

Bill Hart and Fatty Arbuckle meeting on the lot, after a day on outside location, Bill inquires—"Fatty did you meet a fellow down here, with one leg named Sanders? "What was the name of his other leg" Fatty innocently asks.

* * * * *

A Director who is noted for his love of children, approached a little tot who had just finished a scene, and asked "Why do you cry like that my little man? "'Cause, its the only way I know how" came in reply.

* * * * *

One of leading ladies of twenty years ago, has "Come back" as Grandma in some of the recent Universal releases, she says—"There is only one objection to going over ones past—There is so much of it."

* * * * *

"The photo-plays of the past season have no flavor" says a noted Critic in his monthly review. Willie Collier says "A play is either written or rotten" and a majority of the ones that came under our observation, came under the later classification. Hence a flavor.

* * * * *

Harold Lloyd recently visited a strange barber shop, as he adjusted himself for the operation, the barber asked—"Have you ever been here before."

"Yes, once"—laconically replied Lloyd.

"I don't remember your face" came from the barber.

"Oh—its all healed up now."

* * * * *

A female of the specie who had just crossed the River of Styx, knocking at the pearly gates—As Peter opened the door he asked—"Where are you from?" "Hollywood" replied the lady. "Well" said Peter—"you can come in but you won't like the place."

* * * * *

In a recent article a noted writer on social topics said; "Society should be exposed"—from a vantage point in the pit at the Opera, and looking boxward the consensus of opinion is that exposure had reached the limit.

The most delightful part of love is the beginning—that accounts for the way so many leading men start all over again.

* * * * *

A sign over a newly opened electrical store—"Electrical wife savers"—Why save them for the other fellow?

* * * * *

I met her at a bench on the lot, she was Junolike in form, had exquisit eyes that said things unwittingly; she could cross her legs without continually pulling down her dress in that subdebutant fashion. Her name was Betty-Lou, and then some—had she kissed you, one could think of nothing except Rosemary—thats for remembrance—Why should I crave to go back to the farm.

Four Innocents in Movieland

(Continued on page 24)

ALICE BRADY AT TABLE

"That is Alice Brady there at the table," said N———, "and the name of the play she is working in is "The Dawn of the East." The Chinese set which we just left is another part of the same play, the story of which is laid mainly in Russia and in China."

"Cut," said the Director just then. "All right, Miss Brady, we will take a close-up now, please. Register grief, restrained but intense."

The actress came up to within a few feet of the camera lens and, turning in profile, registered an expression of silent grief.

"There, that's it!" commended the Director. "Hold it. Camera! Just a trifle more feeling. That's good. Cut. Scene number is 181. Got it, Miss S———?" he called to the girl with the note-book, who nodded assent.

"Is her job to record the scene numbers for reference?" queried the matron.

"Yes, partly that," answered N———, "but her main task is to record all the little details going into the making of each scene, in order that blunders may be avoided. She makes a note of just what each player wears in each scene, just what door they enter or leave a set by, and the hundred and one other little details like that. For instance, it is her task to see that the hero does not leave his room wearing a gray suit, only to appear on the street supposedly a moment later wearing a blue one, or that the heroine does not come in out of a drenching rain-storm with clothing which is obviously dry, or that a dozen other such ludicrous little mistakes are not made. Of course, sometimes an error slips by her, and may go unnoticed by the cutters and editors until the film is released for exhibition. But it doesn't get by the ever-watchful fans. They spot the slightest mistake instantly, and promptly give the company responsible the laugh. Consequently, it is up to us to do all in our power to prevent such little blunders."

N——— led the way off the stage again, and the tourists paused for a moment in the doorway for a last look at the bizarre scene,—where an English prison loomed literally over the wall of a peaceful French garden, while Chinese temples rubbed shoulders with an English mansion on one side and a Russian castle on the other. Then they reluctantly left the big stage, and passed out into the corridor.

"Well," said N———, "we are now bound for the next, and last, port of call, on our little tour of movieland. This time we will see just what happens to a reel of film from the time it is exposed and leaves the magazine of the camera, until the time when it is run through the machine in the projection-booth of your favorite movie theater."

(Next Week—"The Laboratory; Cutting and Titling.")

TYPICAL THEATER PESTS

The amateur detective who promptly begins airing his deductions and suspicions the minute the crime is committed in the mystery play on the screen.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CANDIDATES FOR THE FIRING SQUAD

Scenario-writers who are responsible for photoplays with atrocious "dream" endings.

* * *

Producers who are responsible for "new-process" colored films which look more like a barn-painter's night-mare than anything else.

* * *

The bird who expresses his vociferous admirations for a favorite personage in the news-reel by stamping on the floor and making weird whistling noises with his mouth.

* * *

The yap who flounders all over you in getting in to a seat, then, just as you're composing yourself again, spies another more desirable seat farther front and promptly scrambles all over you again to secure it.

* * *

Directors who, in their incapacity, find it necessary to forcibly inject scenes of a baby or of a basket of kittens into an insipid story in order to get a little "human" touch.

* * *

Wild-cat producers who seemingly fail to realize that the period when an acquitted murderess might be a possible asset as a movie player has forever passed from cinema history.

Movie Calendar for August

Saturday, August 6—
Fatty Arbuckle engaged to [illegible] v big parts, 1916.

Sunday, August 7—
One of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties went into the water, 1926, and almost died of fright. The experience was too new to her.

Monday, August 8—
A plumber sold the first scenario he ever wrote for $1000.00 and exclaimed: "How do they get that way—Who said there was money to be made in the movies?" He's back to plumbing and riches again, 1921.

Tuesday, August 9—
The first man to go up in a balloon made a rapid descent, 1743, but no greater than the descent made by the first batch of old time movie stars in 1917 who fell from even greater heights.

Wednesday, August 10—
Shakespeare immortalized Romeo & Juliet as lovers par excellence, 1603, but where do they come in with the lovers of 1921 who grab seats in the last row of the movie house?

Thursday, August 11—
An usher showed a patron to his seat as if she enjoyed her work, 1932.

Friday, August 12—
Mary Pickford reported to be but seventeen years of age, 1914, 1918, 1921, 1934.

Saturday, August 13—
Every time Midas touched an object it turned to gold, 760 B. C. Every time a husband at a movie show with his wife laughs heartily at an impossible divorce tangle on the screen, she turns to scold, 1921.

Sunday, August 14—
Talking pictures revived, 1921. Women who read titles out loud form league to suppress this competition same day.

Monday, August 15—
Prominent director says most any star can do just as well directing their own pictures, 1955.

Tuesday, August 16—
An editor asked a movie press agent if he had anything startling in the way of news regarding his picture stars and he said "no," 1967.

Wednesday, August 17—
A picture was shown at a local theatre in which there was no villain, vampire, hero or heroine, 1921. It was a news reel.

Thursday, August 18—
Movie producers say the star system must go, 1918, 121, 143, 1999.

Friday, August 19—
Grimm writes his first fairy tale, 1564. Press agents show him cards and spades in this line, 1921.

Saturday, August 20—
Audry Munson becomes a model, 1909. Goes into motion pictures, 1921, but censors declare it isn't a model photodrama.

Sunday, August 21—
Mae Murray stars in a production where she is not called upon to display her dancing ability, 1950.

Monday, August 22—
Madame du Barry scores so successfully in "Passion," she loses her head completely, 1921. 18,786 girls anxious to become screen stars lose theirs also.

Tuesday, August 23—
First real funny picture produced on screen, 1918. It was intended for a serious drama.

Wednesday, August 24—
Robert Fulton successfully demonstrated that a boat could go to Albany on steam, 1809. Movie actors successfully demonstrated they can't further than Times Square on hot air.

Thursday, August 25—
Pie throwing in the movies becomes a fad, 1914. It becomes an art, 1921, an art as to how they get away with it.

How to Play Tennis

by Fred Alexander

Do you play tennis?

Tennis is one of America's most popular games and gaining in favor every day. Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Monte Blue, and other famous film folks endorse it as their favorite sport.

Tennis in Hollywood enjoyed a great boost recently when Fred B. Alexander, the world-known international champion, entered the movies as business manager for William De Mille, the prominent Paramount producer of such pictures as "Midsummer Madness" and "The Lost Romance." Mr. De Mille is himself a tennis enthusiast and was Mr. Alexander's partner when they won the double championship at Columbia University.

Movie Weekly has asked Mr. Alexander to tell its readers some inside facts, gained from his twenty-five years of tennis tournament experience, on how to play the game successfully. He has responded with a series of five short, meaty articles.

Mr. Alexander is probably the best qualified writer on tennis in the country. For five years he held the doubles championship of the United States. On several occasions he was a member of Davis Cup teams and at one time held the singles and doubles championships of England and Australia. The doubles team of Hackett and Alexander won 97 consecutive matches.

IV. THE GREATEST TENNIS PLAYER IN WORLD

IS William T. Tilden, World's Federation Champion, United States Champion, and holder of many other titles, the greatest player who ever lived, as many critics have been hailing him since his highly successful career on the courts last summer?

It is probably the most difficult thing in the world to compare the great player of today with the great player of a decade ago, in fact it can hardly be done fairly. First of all, today the tennis ball is faster and more resilient than that of ten years ago.

The game, as already explained in another article, changed materially inasmuch as it is faster and more peppy. I don't believe, however, that court generalship has improved in the least.

If we call Tilden the greatest the world has ever produced, we have to give second place to William M. Johnston, whose matches with Tilden, were so close that a little luck one way or another might have been enough to turn the tide. And then Billy Johnston defeated Tilden in the finals of the London Championship, and was in turn defeated by the veteran Irish Internationalist, James C. Parke, in the World's Federation Championship. True, he avenged himself in the Davis Cup matches but only by a narrow margin.

When we look back and see the records of H. L. Doherty the Englishman and note he was English champion five years, champion of the United States one year, the only time he played and represented England, and he played five years in Davis Cup matches and never had a defeat registered against him, we have to think a little bit.

Then we have Larned, seven times champion of the United States, Norman E. Brooks and Maurice E. McLoughlin, of the unbeatable service, in their prime. It makes me hesitate to accept Tilden as the greatest of the great, even though we do say that he has a greater "pocket full" of shots at his command than any other player who has ever stepped on the court. However, this fact in itself can be termed a slight weakness. To keep command of all these different shots is a very difficult thing to do and demands constant practice.

Changing our game from slice to top spins, ground strokes and vica versa at will is not only upsetting to one's opponent but very likely to be disasterous to the player himself and often causes him to lose control. Although, Tilden is the best I have ever seen, in fact the only man who is complete master of all his strokes, I want to see him go through at least another season such as the last one before I forget the wonderful old times and hail him as the King of all tennis experts.

(Next Week—International Tennis)

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Foot Remedy Co., 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 168 Chicago.

REEL AND REAL

The gangster and gun-man in the photoplay of the underworld may in real life be an ex-farm-hand who wouldn't know a Colt's .45 from a perfect 36.

* * *

The vivid young Mexican senorita on the screen may in real life be an ex-waitress from Peoria, Ill., whose sole knowledge of conversational Spanish consists of "chili con carne."

* * *

The foot-ball hero in the college story on the screen may in actual life be a poor hick who thinks that a "touch-down" is the name of a setting-up exercise.

* * *

The sinuous vamp who so enthusiastically shatters countless masculine hearts in the photoplay may in real life be a very retiring young woman who would promptly scream for a cop if a strange man even looked at her.

A Wife's Awakening

(*Continued from page 4*)

regard that made her vaguely uneasy. She remembered her husband's words and wondered if this stranger really would be influenced in a business transaction by her effect up on him.

"But I'm of no consequence at all when her husband is around," Grace was babbling on. "Do you think a woman should let a man know she's so wild about him, Mr. Howard?"

"If I were fortunate enough to win a woman's love I should hope she would feel just that way, and show it," he answered, and though his lips smiled his tone was serious.

"Don't tell me you've never been in love!" exclaimed Grace.

"On the contrary, I have been in love for many years," said the man soberly. "But my little schoolgirl sweetheart didn't love me. She went away, and then she married another man."

"That's why you still idealize her," laughed the cynical Grace, but Florence's eyes looked up at him with sympathetic understanding. "That was hard for you," she said, but of course, if she loves the other man she couldn't help it. Love comes where it will, doesn't it? We cannot force its coming nor stop its going. Is she happy?"

"I wish I knew," he said slowly. Again his dark eyes were studying her with a look that sent a little thrill through her nerves, so steady it was, so searching. She turned with a feeling of relief as her husband came up.

"Your mother is here, dear," he said. "I think she wants to speak to you. And I promised to send Grace to finish out a table for bridge in the library."

"Disposed of both of us!" Grace laughed back over her shoulder as the two woman moved off. "What do they want to discuss, I wonder!"

"Deep, dark secrets!" Otis laughed back, but his laugh died as Howard began to speak.

"I'm sorry, Otis, but I won't be able to handle your loan. You know how tight money is. No firm will accept anything but gilt edge securities and yours aren't that."

"But I thought it was practically settled. I'd depended on it!" gasped Otis, all his disappointment showing, for an instant, in his face.

"Well, I'm sorry, but it simply can't be done. I thought it was better to run in and tell you tonight, as you might have a chance to get another line out before the evening was over. A man has to have time to turn, these days. Fine place you have here. I've enjoyed meeting your friends and your very charming wife, immensely."

"Glad you could come. And thanks for letting me know about this so promptly. As you say, a man has to have time to adjust anything, these days," answered Otis smoothly. He had resumed his usual mask of placid good fellowship and was walking toward the hall with his guest, who evidently intended to make his departure, when Grace Bodair came out of the library and intercepted them.

"They didn't need me for bridge after all," she said "I'm hunting the punch bowl. Are you two thirsty?"

"Thanks, I'm not," said Howard. "I'm going over to say goodnight to Mrs. Otis. It would be sweet of you, Miss Bodair, to keep her husband pleasantly entertained in the meantime."

Laughing, the two turned toward the dining room. They found it deserted and as if by mutual consent they walked straight through to a small conservatory. It too was deserted, and lighted only by the moonlight which shimmerd in, through the open windows and the glass roof. In the white light Grace Bodair saw that the man's face looked drawn and haggard and she spoke sharply:

"Well, what about it? Did you fail to get the loan?"

"Yes, worse luck! Something must have scared him. I'll swear he meant to give it to me when he came here. Well, it leaves me without a leg to stand on! I've simply got to meet that note to-morrow—and I haven't a dollar. My bank account's overdrawn, Grace—you couldn't, you wouldn't be willing to—"

He broke off, stammering. But his eyes had told what his lips dared not say. They were fixed on the diamonds, set in platinum, that swung from a slender chain at her throat.

"Oh!" she flared, her eyes suddenly cold and narrow as slits of blue steel, "so that's it! You want your gift back, do you? You'd stoop to that! Well, let me tell you, Mr. George Otis, I'm not your wife! She's given you everything, poor little fool, because she's tied to you. Well, I'm not! I'm free! And this pendant is **mine!** And I'm sick of you, with your promises and your evasions and your hard luck stories. I never want to **see** you again!"

"Grace! You don't mean that! I was desperate. I didn't realize—of course I wouldn't take your pendant. And I'll get you the coat, somehow. In just a day or two. **Please,** Grace!"

He was close to her now, his hands on her shoulders, his face bent down to hers, but she jerked away, resentfully, and walked out, through the deserted dining room, into the parlors where the guests were beginning to say reluctant goodnights. Otis followed, his face a mask of smooth unconcern, but his eyes full of haunting despair.

"Grace!" he whispered thickly. "I can't live without you! Say you forgive me!"

And suddenly she stopped, her hand on his arm with a significant pressure. The face that was lifted to his laughed carelessly for the benefit of any who might see, but her eyes were full of a deadly seriousness.

"There's your chance to get a hold on Howard," she breathed. "He's still saying goodnight to Florence. See how he looks at her? He was mad about her from the first minute, I can read those things and I tell you she would only have to hold out one of those little white hands to him to get anything she asked for."

"You're mad!" he retorted under his breath. "Florence would never do it. She never looks at any man but me!"

(*Continued next week*)

You May Be a Poet and Do Not Know It

The public is invited to contribute to this column

$1 for each poem accepted and printed

(Rejected poems will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes).

SO WOULD YOU!

When I was a kid in Denver, Col.,
I licked Doug F. and made him howl,
"Enough! I vow."
I've changed since then ('twas '98)
And so has he! Oh, man! I'd hate
To try it now!

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

ONE OF A MOTION-PICTURE AUDIENCE

He lived a different romance every night
He was a courier faring forth to fight,
And yet again, a multi-millionaire,
With poorer folk his gold to swiftly share,
Or maybe, with a young and tender girl,.
He'd find his reason suddenly awhirl——
But all the day, indifferent, slow of feet,
He peddled fish along the city street.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

PLAINT OF THE AMBITIOUS

By Clara Law

I wanna be a movie star
And own a great big motor car,
To travel, oh! so very far;
Poor me!

I wanna be a famous girl,
With lots of clothes and hair in curl,
And everybody in a whirl
Over me!

I wanna be a vampire queen,
With men who'd love me—off the screen!
Who'd court me—you know what I mean;
That's me!

Oh, I want and I want; I know what I want.
To the end of my days I guess I must hunt
For the things that I love and the things that I want,
Poor me!

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

THE SERIAL HERO

Fifty men the hero seize
And bear him to the ground;
He shakes them all off just like fleas,—
They die without a sound.

His car jumps off a precipice,—
Ten thousand feet the fall—
Our hero, though, does not mind this,
And is not hurt at all.

Eleven bullets hit his heud;
His shoulder stops two more;
But do not think he falls down dead.
Why, he isn't even sore.

Most people do not like this stuff,
But then some people do;
And as for me—I cry "Enough"
Before seeing episode two.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

CLOTHES

When it comes to wearing clothes,—
As every woman knows,
If she goes to see the movies to observe them—
She'll get fine education
In the art of fascination;
Her praises will be sung if she deserve them.
Now, the reason in this rhyme,
Which will come to you in time,
Is useful to the sex that's known as female;
The finest dressed are they
Who see film girls every day,
All dressed up a la mode for pleasing *the* male.
Oh it's Dress! Dress! Dress!
A thing of lovely beauty, we confess.
You're setting well the fashions,
While showing human passions,
You screen girls bring to women happiness.

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Faults in Films $1 Prize Contest

In "White and Unmarried," played by Thomas Meighan, Bill and Dorothy are in Paris. When they were coming home from the cabaret, a street scene is shown. The stores nd theatres are shown with their signs printed in a English. Does Paris print its signs in English for the benefit of the English and Americans?

MISS ESTHER STEIN,
524 West 159th St.,
New York.

Wallace Reid playing opposite Agnes Ayres in the "Love Special" was at a point supposed to be Tarns Tavern or Point of Rocks. It was during a blizzard or supposed to be. It happens to be after Reid had pushed a chair for our heroine to sit in by a blazing hot stove, Reid leans with one hand on the heroine's chair and one on the hot stove. I have been wondering whether our friend Reid is immune from heat or not.

MARION F. LEWIS,
Troop "G" Seventeenth Cavalry,
Scholfield Barracks, H. T.

Salve a new hair dye! Apply Jack Holt of "The Lost Romance." When Holt returns from his expedition to the Amazon, attention is called, both by his friend Aunt Betty, and by a close-up, that he is gray. But after that scene he is again dark-headed, no gray hairs being visible. Send us your prescription, Jack, C. O. D.

DOROTHY E. ADAMS,
Hotel Whitecotton,
Berkeley, Calif.

In "Gypsy Blood" with Pola Negri, there is a big iron pot on top of a blazing hot fire. But when she picks it up, she puts her arm around it, as if it were ice cold. Gosh! she is a wonder.

MRS. A. OSTRANDER,
59 Villa Ave.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

In the picture, "A Perfect Crime" Halliday the banker is fishing and he catches a dead fish without a spark of life in him. Do dead fish bite?

JOHN M. CUMMINGS,
83 River St.,
Waterbury, Conn.

In a William Fox Production called, "The Mother Heart," in which Shirley Mason played the leading part, Clifford Durant, manager of the Roberts' Chain Stores, was given charge of the stores by Mr. Roberts, the owner, as Marion Brewster, came to ask Mr. Durant if he would free her father, who had been convicted of stealing from one of the stores. This was the first sentence she spoke, "I'm Edna Brewster." It should have been Marion Brewster, for her sister's name was Edna.

STANLEY WELSH,
5826 Torresdale Ave.,
Wissinoming, Phil., Pa.

In "The City of Silent Men" starring Thomas Meighan he wears a good conduct mark on the sleeve of his prison jacket. Months later is is given a second good conduct mark on the same sleeve. But in every succeeding scene he wears only the first mark. His conduct as a prisoner is beyond reproach. Why was the second good conduct mark taken away from him?

MACK THOMPSON,
Prairie Grove,
Arkansas.

In "The Heart of a Women" in the first part in a strike of fifteen years ago, they show a piece of newspaper which relates of the strike saying this was due to the bolshevik propaganda. The bolshevik propaganda started only a few years ago.

AUGUSTUS P. MICELI,
38 Fontain Bleau Drive,
New Orleans, La.

I noticed in the picture "The Silver Lining," Jewel Carmen is shown in a close-up, reading a book, she is sitting on a chair. It is a high back carved chair. Then when her friend comes in the room, she is sitting on a low seat of some kind with arms on each side, and she is still reading. How on earth did she get there, when she never moved? Must be some more of that magic stuff.

MISS AGNES REDMOND,
501 Woodlawn Ave.,
Springfield, Ohio.

In Billy Franey in "The Hunter," B. F. is seen getting into boat No. 8 and rows across the lake. But when he gets to the other side he gets out of boat No. 23—but it changes back to No. 8 when he comes back for shells—some magician.

P. R. SWIFT,
1401 S. Quincy St.,
Tulsa, Okla.

Irene Castle and Her Mountain Home

(Continued from page 12)

"Jennie is a bad girl today," she reprimanded, with a little pout to the beautiful lips. She leaned forward and opened the cage, seizing the chain to restrain the clamorings of the tugging animal. "What's the matter with you?" severely. "In Ithaca," turning to me, "Jennie runs and climbs all over the place. But here in the Hotel I have to keep her in the cage."

Irene Castle is a great lover of animals. Vernon Castle wrote her from the front in France: "Every day when I think of you with your pets, darling, I thank God that I found you, who are so good to little dumb creatures. You've got the sweetest soul in the world, dear . . . "

Which is as beautiful a description of this side of Irene Castle's nature ever written.

Jennie, however, had a predecessor in Rastus, who was beloved both by Mr. and Mrs. Castle. Writing from France, Mr. Castle asked, in reference to "Patria": "Has Rastus got a part? I think he might make up and play one of the Japs." Rastus did play in the picture—but he wasn't made up as a Jap!

Mr. Robert Tremain, the youthful broker Irene Castle married over a year ago, is also a sportsman and a lover of animals. Which is a reason for happiness in their mountain home in Ithaca.

Whether or not the lure of the stage or the lure of terpsechore will again ensnare the heart of Mrs. Tremain is a possibility to conjure with, for according to the star, her dance in the cabaret scene in her last picture, "With Flying Colors," stirred the heart of her and inflamed her with the old love of the dance before an appreciative audience.

Hold what the future may, it is the salt water pool in Ithaca that occupies now most of the time and the mind of she whom the American public know and appreciate as Irene Castle.

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

(Continued from page 26)

the same cause. Certainly the love of notoriety and the boasttulness of both show a lack of refinement had in common.

Mrs. Huntley-Currie went downstairs again with a smile on her face and her story ready to tell, the story consisting rather of innuendo than of plain statement, but all the more acceptable for that, since imagination is the strong feature of all savages.

* * * * * *

"I THINK," Jack Howard had said, when told by Kit of the arrangement for a double wedding, "that if you wouldn't mind I'd like to make a triple wedding."

"You, Jack?" she cried with a pretended air of wonder; "why, of course. I had expected you to be heartbroken when you heard that I was lost to you."

"Oh, I have had time to get over it, Kit," he had answered with a grin. "I am not even surprised."

"And who is the girl?"

"Rose Despard. Now don't say no, Kit. I know she wasn't nice to you, but you must make excuses for her training. She is mighty sorry for it now."

"And will marry you in such a hurry? Surely she can't be ready?"

"But will be when she learns that the Duke of Malton is to be one of the parties. Oh, I admit she is of society, but you know I don't dislike it as you do. What do you say? It would be the social making of her, and she will count that a great deal."

"I am willing. Ask the others. It will add just so much to the story for the papers. I mean to go out of society as I went in—breaking out.

So it happened that three couples stood up the afternoon of the day when Kit was to have broken her way into society and were married. The only witnesses were those very good friends who had started Tom and Kit on their way to education and those who had been their daily companions and guides during the past three years.

If Tom had done as he wished, he would have suppressed the newspaper stories which Kit had provided for; but he refrained from even saying a word to stop Kit, feeling that if she had her phantasy fully out, she would the sooner realize that she was wasting her time in fighting so impersonal a thing as society. And, indeed, the time was not long in coming when Kit could not make up her mind whether to be ashamed of what she had done or amused; and compromised by being both.

"Anyhow," she said once to Tom, "it was too easy. Anybody with money and impudence enough can either get into the society that is, or get up a new and more exclusive one, by getting the papers to publish some names as ones on a committee to pick out a new set of exclusives."

THE END.

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."
—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done "if"—"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me."

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of black heads and pimples My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

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How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A784 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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Irene Castle

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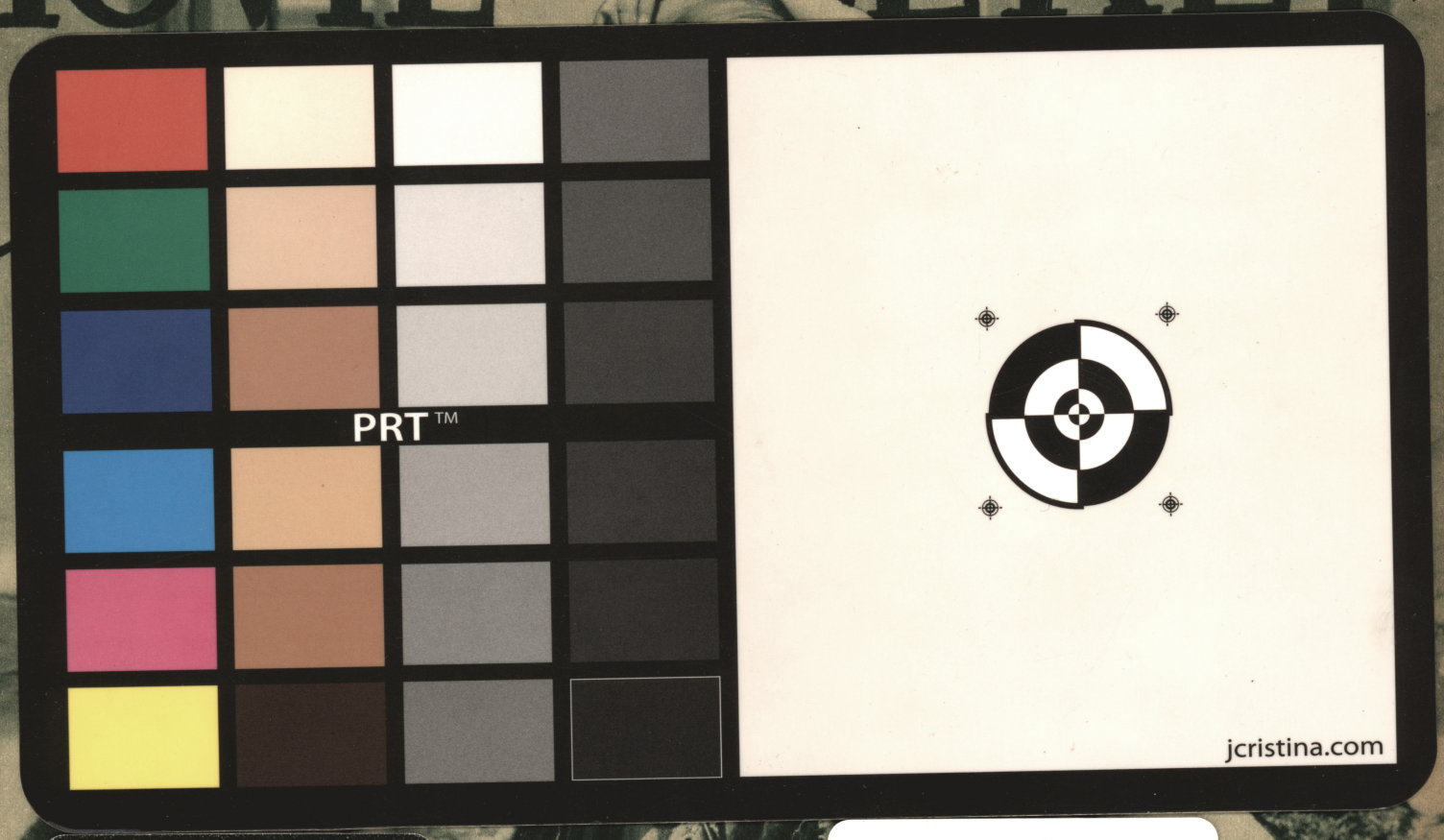
The Convict Ship and the Movie Star

MOVIE WEEKLY



Hair?

Castle

Harriet Hammond